Sonicphobia: The Director's Cut

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Sonicphobia: The Director's Cut

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Summary

THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION. ANY SEMBLANCE OF ANY PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS COINCIDENTIAL.

Notes

You actually found this? Hi! Hope you like seeing Sonic in more of a psychological horror view. If not, then can I ask you a question in the comments section?

Chapter 1: The Beginning of My Troubles

Christmas, 2000.

A family is celebrating, opening presents and two identical baby girls were cuddling with their mother. The babies were born in June 2000. It was snowing outside, but anyone observing could see that the family was joyous despite the hardships. The father trained his blue eyes on his darling twins. He turned to his wife and commented, "Brenda, I think these twins are going to be beautiful and mischievous." The mother smiled back with warmth in her eyes. Everyone was happy... but little did they know, a hooded figure was watching them. The figure's emerald-green eyes are trained on the babies.

His white gloves almost blended in with the snow. Nobody would have guessed that the figure wasn't *quite* human. The creature under the hood muttered in a cheesy voice, "Brenda, you ran out of time to pay your debt. You let five runaways escape me. Your price is going to reflect how *I* felt about it." He chuckled in a dark way as he flicked his hood off to reveal cobalt quills. His cat like ear twitched, his angry looking green eyes laser focused on the twins in the mother's arms. *Which one do I take? It's difficult to choose.* The creature mused to himself. Save for the quills on his head and back (and his cat like ears), anyone who does not have an interest in video games would have mistaken the figure for something human.

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Midnight.

The snow is still falling, but everyone is now asleep. That is, everyone except for the creature from earlier. The front door creaked open, the figure from earlier entering the home with a cat like stealth. The figure took off his cloak, kicking it to the floor. His red and white sneakers shined as if they have been recently polished. He brushed a stray quill out of his gigantic green eyes, sighing with relief at the warmth. His black nose gleamed in the darkness. He breathed in, taking in the scent of apple pie, pumpkin pie and other Christmas sweets. "I know you are there." The creature muttered in a cheesy voice as he kept an ear out. He paused for a moment, listening for any sound. The only sound he could hear was the sound of a baby just beginning to wake up. *I found you.* He thought as he opened the door.

He opened the door, his angry green eyes adjusting to the darkness. They landed on a crib with two babies inside. *Good.* The creature thought. Then one of the twins stirred. Her blue eyes latched onto the creature's green eyes. In the faint light, one could easily tell that the creature is something from the hedgehog family. The creature pulled out two identical white bottles from within his royal blue quills, placing them into the crib. He murmured, "One of you is coming home with me." He watched as the plumper of the two girls grabbed a bottle with no hesitation. The smaller twin glared at the figure as if to say, *I know what you are planning.* The creature watched in silence as one of the twins fell asleep. *That one looks divine.* He mused as he plucked up the sleeping twin from her crib. He cusped his hand into the smaller twin, forcing eye contact. "You, my dear... you are going to have to get used to seeing me." To all of you reading this, in case you haven't guessed yet, the small twin is me.
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Five years later.

"Mommy! I don't want to go! He is so big and scary!" I wailed. I knew I was throwing a hissy fit, but it did not matter. We were already in front of my psychologist's doorway. Mom opened the door and gently shoved me inside. The whole room *reeked* of chemicals. Then the man I feared entered my room with a dramatic flourish as if he was a famous actor. His cobalt hair was swept to the side, and he wore sunglasses. I hated Dr. Maurice Weahagu almost from the get go. There was just something that was off about him. It could be the lack of windows or mirrors. It could be his zero camera policy. It could be his too sugary voice around me. I felt as if there was something familiar about him. Maybe it was the combination of blue hair and gloves. Maybe it was his sunglasses that conveniently hid his eyes. Maybe it was the way he carried himself. Either way, he did not earn my trust. It didn't help that his job is to literally overstimulate me ON PURPOSE. Before you ask, yes, I have autism. Live with it.

"Good morning, Brenda! And you brought your darling daughter as well!" He always acted surprised to see me. I knew it was an act to try to get me to relax. He wrapped his fingers around my waist and commented, "My, oh my. You're getting bigger." There was something hungry about his voice. He turned to Mommy and asked, "Brenda, has Alison been taking her medicine like a good little girl?"

Mommy had to shake her head at that. Every night before bed, I was required to drink a blue liquid that tasted too sweet. Problem was, I refused to drink it because I knew that my monster under my bed would eat me if I did. "She's been bad about it. She had gained quite the... colorful vocabulary." She hesitated, before snickering. "Sorry, Maurice." She apologized. Then she gazed at me, her eyes narrowing. "Behave yourself, Pud." She added, turning away.

"Come along, my little lab rat." Dr. Weahagu purred, tugging my hand. Dr. Weahagu has always been weird. And yet, whenever I ask my teachers about him, they'd stare at me as if I was clueless. I guess they need their eyes checked if they can easily miss a young-looking man with bright blue hair, sunglasses and a lab coat.

I'm getting off subject as to why I'm here. Every night, I have nightmares about *him*. They always start with me doing something innocent. Then the dream would take a darker turn as he showed up. He'd enter the living room, towering over me with his spiky blue frame. He'd chuckle, purring in that too sweet voice, "Looks like I have a tender girl to eat. I wonder if little girls are made of sugar, spice and everything nice." He'd reach for me, and I would scream. I ran to the left and ended up in the corner of a kitchen. I bet you are wondering who I'm referring to. It's that blue devil, the monster underneath my bed... Sonic the Hedgehog.

Anyways, the experiments began. It always starts with Dr. Weahagu asking me questions about school and my friends. I never knew why he did that. I guess he was nosy. Then he'd say, "Excuse me, Al. I got someone who wants to see you and talk to you." I knew who he was referring to. I hear him exit, then I hear a sound similar to that of bones cracking. I shuddered every time that noise happens.
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Then that blue son of a bitch from hell would enter. His quills would glow almost harshly in the light of the lab. His red and white sneakers would shine as if they have been freshly polished. Those green eyes would light up as if the sight of me delighted him. I knew who it was. It was Sonic the Hedgehog... and that was when the REAL experiments begin. They begin with *him* opening his mouth and begin talking to me. Sonic would always begin by asking, "Alison, why are you scared of me?" I didn't want to tell anyone that my first memory was literally Sonic kidnapping my twin sister. Then he would try to intentionally overstimulate me... and he always succeeds. The first time I tried to tell someone about what Sonic did to my twin sister... ended up getting me to meet Dr. Weahagu in the first place. There are some times where Dr. Weahagu would visit me at night. On the full moon, Dr. Weahagu appeared... off. Like his hair would be a darker blue, or his canines are sharper. I never liked Dr. Weahagu. I don't know why. There was something suspicious about him that I could never *quite* put my finger on.

At the end of the visit, Dr. Weahagu would return to the lab and ask, "That wasn't so bad, now, is it... my little lab rat?" I'd shudder and shiver. He's wrong. It was *torture.* So naturally I was thankful for the day I turned 13 and announced that I refused to visit him anymore because he was that creepy. He'd still invite himself over once in a while, but he would never enter the front door even if it was storming out. My mom tried to reason with me, but I had enough of the nightmares and the panic attacks. That night, I dumped my medicine down the drain and forced myself to fall asleep for the first time.

Chapter 2: My Bad Day

I can hear his footsteps approaching me as I ran down a maze of halls. I knew that blue son of a bitch was fast, but I forgot that he was faster than me. The walls had words scrawled all over them, but I didn't bother reading them. I trip over myself, scraping my hands on the rough pavement, then I scampered up a flight of stairs. "I can make it!" I screamed, then the stairs became a slide. I screamed again, "NO!" Then I tried to run to my left, but a gloved hand immediately grabbed me as the scene shifted into a kitchen. I swallowed, forcing myself to look up into those emerald green eyes that haunt my worst nightmares and my waking moments. Sonic chuckled, reaching for me. My fingers felt around the counter in desperation for something I could use, anything that can be used as a weapon is fair game to me. My fingers curled around a lemon, my desperation made me fumble for a second. I trembled in horror, holding the lemon in front of my face as if it was a shield. I know that the logic I'm using might not even work.

Unfortunately, Sonic seemed to know this too. He teased, cusping a gloved hand around my chin, "What are you going to do with that? Season me?" There was something unpleasant about his lilting voice, but instinct took over. I squirted the lemon, and that blue hedgehog swore loudly in multiple languages as lemon juice got into his eyes. He covered them, continuing to let loose curse words that would make a sailor proud. I guess Sonic has a serious case of sailor mouth, I guess. Then I grabbed a knife while he was blinded and noted that his hand was gripping the counter. I quickly stabbed at his hand, making sure to pin the snow white fabric against the counter. Then I ducked again, running into a basement. I hear his footsteps come after me. I hid under the stairs, holding my breath. "Alison~. Come here. I have a treat for you." I hear Sonic's voice purr somewhere in the darkness. I knew that he would devour me if I gave in. I could easily see his red and white sneakers tread the stairs as if he was a trained spy. I sneaked up the stairs only for the stairs to creak... LOUDLY. Sonic turned on his heel and started running at me. I wanted to keep running away, but my legs were giving up on me. I collapsed to the ground as Sonic approached from behind. "Tch. You have such a bad attitude for a pretty girl. I could have sworn you were me from another universe." Sonic mused as he carried me bridal style. He grinned, flashing his fangs with a menacing smirk. Then he became a giant, crashing through the ceiling with a staggering height of 200 feet tall. I could easily see that it was dark and snowing. I glanced up to see his green eyes gleam as if they told a joke. "I always loved my girls to be tender." He purred, then he chucked me in the air. I screamed as I fell into his mouth. I could feel myself slipping deeper into his mouth. I knew he was going to eat me whole. I knew that I just became food for him...

My alarm rang, seeming to shriek at me, "*Wake up, bitch!*" I sat bolt upright and turned it off. I checked the time on my phone. *06:45*. I cursed, knowing that I just missed the bus. I bolted out of bed and rushed through my morning routine. I winced as the hairbrush got tangled into my long, curly, brown hair. I raced out the door, running all the way to school. Before you ask, yes. I live close to my high school. Usually, Mom would force me to take the bus, but today she seemed to be absent. I kept sprinting, finally making it to homeroom before the bell. I wheezed as I took my seat. That was when I noticed my idiot mistake: I was wearing the same clothes as yesterday.

I blushed, trying to hide the embarrassment. Apparently, my ex noticed. Unfortunately, he was in Bitch Mode today. He sneered as he cuffed me from behind, "Stupid bitch! You wore that yesterday!" I winced as he made my embarrassment public. I bit my tongue and forced myself to keep my mouth shut. I'm generally a quiet teenager, save for the occasional answer. But it kept getting worse from here.

During French class (my favorite class, especially since it falls during lunch period), my teacher got a phone call. He excused himself, then he started talking in French on the phone in an animated way. He stopped midsentence, switching to English, "Are you sure...? Oh, dear." He hung up, then glanced at me with a somber expression. I knew things were really bad if Mr. Williston (my French teacher) becomes somber. He spent the rest of class teaching in French, forgetting that all of us students don't know enough French to understand him yet. He called, "Ali, *sortir de ma salle de classe, s'il vous plait.*" I don't know what he was saying, though.

I replied shyly, "*Je ne parle pas francais, Prof. Williston.*"

He stared at me for a second, then he asked me, switching to English, "Sorry. Forgot I didn't teach you that yet. Step outside."

I obeyed, asking, "Is everything okay?"

He replied, "*Ta mere est morte.*"

I patted his shoulder and said, "*Désolé."*

I stepped inside and continued with class. I let my eyes tear up a little, thinking that his mother was dead... but I couldn't be more wrong. I lost my dad to lung cancer back in February, and now it's March. Then it was lunch. Mr. Williston dismissed us with an unusually somber way.

I jogged over to the pizza aisle of the cafeteria and made a careful selection. I got my food and was about to sit down when I felt something shove me. I avoided landing in my lunch as I turned to see who pushed me. It was Mike, my ex, and he was sneering. "Bad ex-girlfriends don't get good food!" He jeered.

I shot back, "Cheating exes don't exactly get brownie points either!" I had a feeling that I shouldn't have said that as he punched me in the jaw. Of course, he was the one who got into trouble for that. At least they were nice enough to let me get another slice of pizza and a carton of vanilla milk. At my middle school, food was like gold. You don't waste it because the cafeteria workers refuse to get you another one. In high school, things were different. If something like your ex happened to ruin your food, they will give you another lunch and throw out the lunch that was wasted.

I sat with my friends and ate in silence. Lunch was over within the blink of an eye. I ran to my last class, disregarding the no running on campus rule. My high school looked more like a college, so if you have two classes that are back-to-back on the opposite side of campus, you have to book it. I made it to class, and got to work baking. My last class was a baking class. And of course, the class clown had to try to ruin it again. In baking class, I earned myself a

nickname: Gertrude Ramsay. I asked my teacher this once, and she replied, "You're just like Gordon Ramsay, Alison. You get really angry when someone disregards the rules of the kitchen." I have anger issues.

I saw my ex was glaring at me, appearing ready for murder. I didn't want to fuck around and find out what he wanted, so I made a calculated decision and ran home. I wheezed as I jogged past the church that I lived near, grateful to see the green house with a gingerbread trim. That's what I call home. I stomped inside just as it was getting ready to snow, grumbling, "I swear to God that this is the-!?" I interrupt myself, sniffing the air. I caught a whiff of chili dogs, and I narrowed my eyes. I yell, "Dave, you bastard!" I ran towards the kitchen, ready to rip my brother a new asshole.

I froze, stunned at what was standing in front of me. I gazed in horror at the blue hedgehog that happened to be standing in my kitchen. I knew it was Sonic, but he seemed to be towering over me. I didn't think waiting for him to mosey up and introduce himself was a good idea. I felt myself sway at the sight. I leaned against the wall for support. I whispered, "No... no! It can't be real!" But there was no denying the fact that a blue hedgehog is making chili dogs in my kitchen. I dropped my things and ran to the front stairs. I scrambled, nearly tripping. I didn't feel like being up close and personal with Sonic. I heard him call out in a sickeningly cheesy voice, "Come back here, Alison." I didn't listen. I hid upstairs until I hear Sonic become silent.

I grabbed my Nerf crossbow and slipped back downstairs through the back staircase. I peeked around, noticing a chili dog on the table. I sniffed it in a cautious manner, worried that it might be drugged. I didn't smell anything. I took a bite, surprised at how good it was. *Could I just be imagining shit? If so, I need to get off my meds.* I reasoned. That was a mistake, since my head started feeling really heavy and I fell. I didn't get hurt, thankfully. The last thing I saw was a red and white sneaker stepping in front of my face. The gold buckle gleamed in the dying sunlight, and I flipped myself on my back to see Sonic gazing at me with what appeared to be sympathy in his wide, green eyes. That was the last thing I saw before I passed out.

Chapter 3: Kidnapped!?

I was awakened to the sound of something splashing. I thought it was a pool, then I remembered. *Wait! I don't have a pool! Sonic fucking kidnapped me!* I get to my feet and examine my surroundings. My bed was a little high up, and I glance to see a circular window. The sheets were satin, and the comforter was uber cozy. I froze when I realized that I couldn't move. I peeked under my comforter to see a weighted blanket. *Fuck.* I knew I had to explore. So I leave my lavish prison to do some exploring. The first clue I had that something was off was the mere fact that the hall was kinda thin, like it was a ship's hall. Then the intercom buzzed, and I hear the announcer purr cheerily, "Well, we have clear skies today. There is swimming in the Olympic sized pool, our tanning salon is open, and Sonic will be coming to all of your rooms for a surprise inspection! Tonight, we will have a word with both Sonic and Dr. Maurice O. Weahagu about your new school!" My stomach churned at the thought of that blue bastard. I haven't though about Sonic since... *No, no, no, no, no, no, no! He's not real! He's not supposed to be real!* I started to panic. *Where am I!?* I forced myself to calm the fuck down.

I glance at the floor and realized that it was brown checkerboard with what looked like yellow circles. I started to glance around for a familiar face when I hear a dreadfully familiar voice ask, "Alison? Is that you?" I whirled on my heel and found myself staring at Dr. Weahagu. I growled, trying to seem unfriendly. Dr. Weahagu chuckled, ruffling my hair, "Sonic was right. You have grown a lot. Come with me. We have a lot to talk about." He wrapped a white, gloved hand around my waist and started ushering me somewhere. I got a glimpse of Dr. Weahagu sighing. Then he started chattering away. "Alison, I'm so happy you decided to wake up and join us." We started walking, then I noticed that his grip got a little tighter. "I'd love to talk to you about an opportunity that has just arisen for you. You got accepted into a special school called STH Academy, my dear. I'm sure that the headmaster would adore you." He started talking, and I started getting that sickening feeling that maybe Dr. Weahagu is hiding something. I zoned out as he began talking, taking in my surroundings. The lights on the ceiling were shaped similarly to emeralds or diamonds. But they were multicolored. Dr. Weahagu cut himself off, "Ah. We're at the mess hall. Grab something to eat, my little lab rat. You haven't eaten in days, dear." I froze, thinking, *Dear!? He only calls me that when he wants me to do something.*

I cut to the chase, "What the fuck do you want?"

Dr. Weahagu turned to me. He asked, "Excuse me?"

"You heard me! Where am I!?"

Everyone in the mess hall was staring at me. Dr Weahagu chuckled, ruffling my hair instead of answering me. Then he left, leaving me alone. I glanced over at the food tray and found sushi, pizza, and basically other delicious treats. So I grabbed a plate and began to fill it with sushi and one slice of pizza. I grab my chopsticks, then I hear a girl cough behind me. I ignored her and went to find a place to sit. I was surrounded by a sea of unfamiliar faces in an unfamiliar setting. I glance outside and realized that I was on a yacht of some sort. I find a

seat with my name on it. It was a table that was closest to the stage. Then I glanced over to my left and find a chair. The placeholder read, *Reserved for Dr. Maurice Weahagu.* I mutter, "God fucking dammit." I was about to eat when I hear someone slide a chair over to sit next to me. "Dr. Weahagu. I got questions and you have answers. Where am I? Did Mom set me up for this? Where are we going?"

I hear a familiar, sickening, cheesy voice reply, "Al, relax." I could see something blue out of the corner of my eye. I turn slowly and bit back a scream of horror. I fell out of my chair as I scrabbled backwards. "You've grown a lot since I last saw you, Al." The voice continued. I got a good look at the creature in front of me. I knew who it was from the sneakers alone. The sneakers were cherry red and white. They gleamed as if the owner freshly polished them. Then I forced myself to look past the blue legs, the apricot chest and arms, the gloved hands. I keep glancing up into the emerald green eyes and my face paled. I almost forgotten how creepy he was. His black nose gleamed like obsidian and his cat ears were pointed at me. But I knew that the thing staring at me is *definitely not* a cat. I knew that I was staring at Sonic the Hedgehog, the creepiest bastard in the world. I did what any sane person would do. I started backing away, keeping my eyes trained on the blue hedgehog in front of me. Sonic asked, "Al, is something wrong?" I'm pretty sure my face was whiter than a sheet. I stared at him, unable to talk. Then I turn towards the pool that was located on the opposite end of the deck and started running. My thoughts were focused on only one thing: *Run towards the water!*

So I began to run, but I didn't get far. I barely made it halfway there when Sonic intercepted me. "Fuck off!" I screamed, scrabbling to the kitchen. I ducked behind a counter and army crawled. *That blue son of a bitch isn't dragging me back to his personal hell!* I thought as I heard the door open. Sonic was chuckling, but then he left. "Huh?" I wondered, then I peeked outside. The coast seemed to be clear. So I decided to just shut up and eat. I got back to my seat and began to eat. Then I thought about what happened. *Why would Sonic sit his blue ass next to me? That was Dr. Weahagu's seat.* I decided not to dwell on it. "That was terrifying and weird." I muttered to myself. Dr. Weahagu was nowhere to be found, but I had a gut feeling that he was going on stage. It was evening when my little fright happened.

Then I hear Sonic and Dr. Weahagu arguing offstage. I hear Sonic say, "What are you going to tell her? I tried to tell her what happened, and she ran off!"

Dr. Weahagu replied, "Patience, old friend."

"Ugh! Have you even seen how she blanched!?" Sonic pointed out. "She hates me. I don't blame her. It must have been from the bad debt I collected on Christmas 2000. Remember those five runaways?" My ears perked up. *So it wasn't a dream!* I realized. Sonic continued, "Poor kid doesn't even realize what has actually happened to her mother."

"I will tell her, Sonic." Dr. Weahagu replied. "No need to open old wounds. But making that girl your own daughter was a smart move."

"Make it quick!" Sonic was obviously irritated about something. But I do know one thing: Sonic and Dr. Weahagu were both hiding something... and it involved me. "I don't want her to know the truth about us yet. We'll tell her if she doesn't figure it out!"

My heart stopped. Sonic fell silent, then Dr. Weahagu stated with a too sweet voice, "I will tell her after I introduce you."

Then Dr Weahagu arrived on stage. His blue hair was slicked back to perfection, then he announced, "Students of STH Academy, let me introduce you to your headmaster. Headmaster Sonic, can you please come on stage?" The sentence didn't exactly register in my brain at first. *What the-!? Headmaster Sonic!? No fucking way he is...* My own thoughts trailed off as Dr. Weahagu ducked behind the curtain for a moment. Then I hear the familiar sound of crackling bones. It was faint, but it was there.

Then I see a blue ball roll on stage. Everyone was so silent I could hear a pin drop. Then the ball became spiky, then the ball untucked itself to reveal Sonic the Hedgehog in all of his scariness. "Oh my fucking god." I mutter. Then I yell incredulously, "*Headmaster* Sonic!? Someone is pulling my leg!" Then I forced myself to breathe, then I smirked at Sonic. "No big deal. Pretty sure it's just a nightmare." I pinched myself, shutting my eyes. I tried convincing myself, *It's just a dream.* "I could wake up any second now to find myself back in my room." I added, Then I opened my eyes. The scenery did not change at all, and worse, Sonic was staring at me. I pinched myself again, "Gimme a break! It worked well in the past! Why am I still in this nightmare!?"

Sonic rolled his emerald green eyes, then he hopped down to my area with a well placed jump over the table. He turned towards me, smirking. "Aw, you think you're dreaming?" I nodded, forcing myself to remain calm. "Lemme help you." Sonic purred, then he pinched me. *Hard.* It stung, and I cried out in pain. Sonic basically confirmed that I was not dreaming, which meant one thing: *Sonic the Hedgehog was fucking real.* "Better?" Sonic asked. My legs felt weak and I felt the color drain from my face. He smirked at me as he brushed my hair out of my eyes. My legs began buckling, and Sonic scooped me into his peach colored arms. "I get it. You're not used to me. But we have a lot to talk about after this, darling." I froze, horrified. If Sonic was calling me darling, then there was something that wasn't quite right about my situation.

Chapter 4: Live Bait

I bit my tongue, trying my best not to throw up. Knowing that Sonic was indeed real was enough of a factory reset that was needed on my end. I sat back down at my seat as Sonic began talking. His cheesy voice was an earworm for me. *ARRGH! SHUT UP!* I begged silently, covering my ears as if that would help me. It obviously didn't help. Sonic was *way too fucking close for comfort.* I finally screamed, "PUT ME DOWN!" I thought Sonic was going to place me down gently. I was wrong as I dropped to the floor with a thud.

"Are you done with your dramatic act?" Sonic teased, his voice causing me to shiver. I nodded, my throat closing up. *If I don't get away from Sonic fast, I'm going to die!* I thought to myself. Just as I was beginning to make a run for it, Sonic scooped me up again. This time, he had me on stage with him. He began talking and I scanned the crowd for someone to come rescue me. *There.* A boy with goth clothes was staring at me. I blinked in Morse code, *SOS.* Sonic glanced at me and he grinned. Then he went back to talking about the rules of his academy. I tried again, blinking harder. Since Sonic made the rules brief, he turned to me and asked as he brushed a stray hair out of my face, "Alison, is the fact that you're close to me making you emotional?"

I turned to him and spat, "No. I had something lodged in my eye. I mean, eyes." Sonic's eyes narrowed at this faux pas. I added with a nervous chuckle, "It ain't you, sir."

He shrugged, then he finished talking. I scrambled back to my seat and ate quickly. *There was no way in hell you could convince me to stay near Sonic a minute longer than what should be absolutely necessary.* Then, just as I was beginning to get back to my jail cell, Sonic yelled, causing every head to whip towards him again, "One more thing. Stay put. I almost forgot to show you what happens if you break curfew. Tonight is a freebie." I wasn't going to fuck around and find out what he wanted. I began running, then I heard Sonic groan. It sounded almost as if he was in *agony;* but each groan sounded more like a growl as each minute passed.

Then I heard the unmistakable sound of something howling. I turned towards the sound and screamed at the top of my lungs at the horrified sound. My feet acted of their own accord and I had only one thought on my mind: *WATER.* I heard a new voice growl, "I can- *and will* - make you stay up *all night long doing manual labor if you break curfew. And manual labor from me at three in the morning is not going to be easy!* " I heard other kids exclaim in horror, and I swore I heard someone scream. I did not hear the new voice address everyone. I slowed down a little once I was outside.

I think I heard the goth kid from earlier yell, "NOPE!"

I kept running, even though my lungs felt like they were on fire. I finally barreled into the pool area, slamming into a locker. I grunted in pain, then I stopped to catch my breath. I panted, "Whew. Seriously, I need to lay off the Oreos!" Then I heard something that chilled me. It was a deep, amused sounding growl. I groan, "That can't be good. Nothing good ever happens to me at night."

I turn to see a furry… something. I couldn't tell what it was. It looked like a ball to me, since it had a round, fuzzy appearance. Then the ball started rolling towards me. I could see that it had quills. "That's not kosher…" Then the ball untucked itself, slowly gaining a more humanesque figure. But I knew better, since that figure was anything *but human.* "DEFINITELY NOT KOSHER!" I glance towards the diving board, desperate for an escape. *I'm stupid.* I scrambled up the ladder as fast as I could, too scared to think for shit. I panted at the top, shaking. "Heh. Lost the demented fuzzball that just tried to eat my face."

I hear the same voice snarl, "EXCUSE ME!? Would you please repeat that?" I peeked over the edge and my stomach churned. The creature was glaring at me with emerald-green eyes. Its fangs looked ready to tear into my throat, and its arms were long. *Jeez. I would be crushed to death if I am not careful.* I thought. "I'm going to come up there so that you can repeat that again. *I don't think I heard you correctly.* Did you just call me a demented fuzzball because of my appearance!?" I realized my issue from the get-go: Sonic was a werehog… *and he is using me for hunting practice.* His arm stretched to the very top of the diving board I scrambled up, and he pulled himself up.

I ran off the edge of the diving board, diving. I may be terrified of Sonic, but I knew he had one weakness: he can't fucking swim. I felt something large barely graze past my feet, and I wasn't too keen on learning about what it was. Then I hit the water. It stung, but I was safe… for now. I swam up for air and swam towards a hard to see area. I choked on the water that fell into my mouth, trembling. *Too close for comfort.* I hear my own voice chastise. *Now really is not the time to be stimming on lucky breaks.* I told my inner monologue. Then I hear something splash directly in front of me. I knew better than to fuck around and find out what it was. I clambered out, racing away. The cold night air made my hair stand up on edge. Then I hear an angry yell as the voice howled. Then I heard footsteps behind me. *FAST footsteps.* I dove into the nearest doorway. It turned out to be the galley. I groped frantically, since the creature was outside. *You need a fucking weapon.* I told myself. Then I hear the unmistakable sound of cleats clicking into the area. *Shit.* I glanced around and realized that the Werehog was right on top of me. My hand wrapped itself around the nearest item: a lemon. I aimed the juice part at him, hoping that the escape works.

Sonic snarled, his green eyes practically glowing in the darkness, "You really think you could eat a werehog!?" I squashed the lemon as hard as I could.

Sonic reeled, letting loose some pretty creative choice words and several familiar swears. I took that as my means of escape and ran back to my prison. *You only bought yourself a little time.* I reminded myself as I yelled, "Just taking one for the team!" as I streaked past the goth kid from earlier.

Goth Kid stopped me, asking, "Did you drink a Red Bull?"

I panted, "Oh hell, no!" I added, "I'm going to barricade myself in my room and have a heart attack in the corner."

Goth Kid replied, "Want me to join you?" I nodded, grateful for company.

Then I hear Sonic roar, "ALISON!" I may be autistic, but I ain't stupid enough to play stupid games. I ducked into Goth Kid's room, remembering to barricade the door and slide a dresser

to keep it in place.

Goth Kid asked, “What the hell was that?”

I replied, “One properly pissed off pincushion, which is a lovely shade of cobalt.”

“Get some rest.” Goth Kid told me.

I replied, “May I have your name?”

“Carson.”

“Ali.”

I hear Sonic growl from outside, “Come here, sweetheart. I’d love to teach you how to fight like a werehog.”

I yelled back, “Hard pass, Fluffy!”

Sonic was silent for a heartbeat, then he growled, “Guess I’m going to have to tell Dr. Weahagu that you have been a bad girl.”

“Piss off, furry fucker!”

“I will be back in the morning, and this door better be unlocked.” Sonic snarled. I turned to Carson and shrugged.

“Get some sleep.”

“Yes, Carson.” I think that was the exact moment I fell in love. I glanced around his cabin and found a cozy love seat. I grabbed a pillow, a blanket, and promptly crashed.

Chapter 5: Aftermath

I didn't dream at all, which was kind of strange for me, since I usually have vivid nightmares about Sonic. I mean, my situation could be worse… oh wait, I forgot. It can't get any worse. I was given a sharp reminder of that fact the very next morning when I felt something prod me in the side… *hard* . I ignored it until I heard a familiar voice hiss in my ear, *"Alison!"*

I opened my eyes to a slit, then I glared at the speaker. I found myself glaring at Sonic's own angry, green eyes. "I hope you're in here to apologize for scaring the shit out of me last night." I spat, trying to make myself appear intimidating. I admit that I was actually terrorized as Sonic kept his glare even.

Sonic retorted, folding his arms, "What for? You sprayed *me* in the face with lemon juice last night, gave me an unnecessary swimming lesson, and… *Did you really sleep with a boy last night!?* " I figured Sonic was going to be upset, but I sadly miscalculated on exactly *how furious* he was going to get. I flinched when his gloved, white hands wrapped themselves around my wrist. I scratched at his iron grip out of reflex, which probably didn't improve Sonic's mood in the slightest.

"Enough of that!" Sonic snarled. "I think you are going to spend most of your time with me today until you get that attitude of yours straightened out. *I earned my attitude, you didn't* ."

That was enough to make my blood freeze. I replied, "Oh, HELL, NO!" I emphasized this by scratching harder at his unyielding grip.

Sonic's grin grew in a nasty way as he pulled me in close. "Too bad." His voice hissed in my ear. "I've already talked with Dr. Weahagu about it." He yanked me into his peach arms, a sarcastic chuckle already deep within that throat of his. To those of you picturing a five-foot five girl cowering at the sight of a three-foot-tall hedgehog, you are sadly mistaken. Sonic towers over me at a staggering nine feet tall. So I'm practically a dwarf in his arms. His right hand cradled my chin, then he chuckled again. I shivered as his grip tightened on my shoulders and legs.

I whimpered as he strides down an unfamiliar hallway. I was unsure of what he was doing or where that blue bastard was going. All I knew was that I am currently really fucked as far as situations go. I knew that today was going to be awful. "Alright, pincushion. You got answers and I got questions. Where am I? Does Mom know about your little kidnapping? She will get me out of this hell hole." I said, trying to fake confidence. Truth be told, Sonic is still terrifying in many aspects, but the one thing I find to be the most terrifying is his unpredictable nature.

Sonic glared at me again for that second question. He replied, forcing me to gaze into his emerald-green gaze, "Alison. I don't appreciate your rude tone. And we will see if your mother knows… oh wait, she does. She told me that if something held her up that Dr. Weahagu takes you in." Sonic tapped my nose as he spoke to me. I did a cat sneeze, rubbing my nose aggressively. *AAARRRGGGH! Get it off. Get it off! GET IT OFF!*

I replied, trying to hide my horror, “Oh, that is a fucking relief. That means I can take a long, well-deserved vacation from your terrifying mug over spring break.”

“Alison. That is rude.” Sonic chided. “And I *live* with Dr. Weahagu.”

I whipped my head at the news. “Are you two…?”

“What? Married to him? In a way, yes. I spent my entire life with him.” Sonic replied, chuckling.

“So you two are gay?” I ask. To be painfully honest with you right now, I’m pansexual myself.

“Not exactly. We’ll explain it in private.” Sonic shot back, his quills bristled. Then he peeked over my shoulder. “Looks like we’re going to be arriving shortly. All of the things you need are already at your dorm.” Sonic chuckled.

I whip my head to where Sonic was gazing, and I felt the color leave my face. I knew that I wasn’t dreaming this time. I peek outside to the bright blue sky, the water gleaming like diamonds. I grabbed a pair of binoculars since we were on the viewing deck and glared at the horizon. “Fuck me…” I groan under my breath.

The horizon showed palm trees, totem poles, and dancing yellow flowers that seem to spin on an axis. The mountain in the background was just green checkered dirt. I swore I saw a few spikes or something like that. And in a few places, I saw parts of the landscape that should not be forming naturally, like loop the loops, rails, and dirt bridges that looked like what my hair looks like. There was no denying the terrifying yet awesome sight. “Holy shit!”

“Welcome to Green Hill Zone, Al.” Sonic purred, patting my back. “And you should not be swearing at this point forward.” Then he placed something large and particularly heavy into my hands. “Get familiar with the rules.”

I nodded in agreement, my eyes larger than Sonic’s eyes. I was horrified beyond belief at the news. “Sonic… don’t tell me that STH Academy is…?” I began, then I trailed off, too horrified to finish my sentence.

“What? Located in Green Hill Zone? Of course, it is, darling!” He exclaimed, wrapping his oversized hand around my shoulder. “In fact, the path you take it is Hedgehog Pass!”

I bit back another cuss word. *Damn it.* I thought. “Is it hot as hell?”

“No. Now don’t press your luck!” Sonic replied, chiding me in the same breath.

I shrug his hand off and said, “I need a moment.”

“Fine. Return in five minutes.”

Then I took off *running.* I found my lover and told him, “We’re going to Hell, dude! And I guess we are hell mates!”

I hear Sonic reply behind me, his breath causing my hair to stand on end, “She’s making up stories. We’re actually heading to Green Hill Zone. I don’t want to hear you refer to my home as Hell again, Al.” Sonic scolded me.

Chapter 6: "You're Adopted!"

Sonic said that it would take three days to arrive. I dreaded the third day. I would love to say that I hid in my room and schemed for a way to delay the inevitable, but then I'd be lying to you big time. Instead, Sonic would drag me out of bed and basically stay by my side like a goddamn parasite. Getting Sonic to leave you alone is about the equivalent of getting rid of a hernia alone, or scrubbing a permanent marker off of your face. Basically, it was impossible.

Having a blue hedgehog follow you around is honestly quite nerve wracking, and it felt like I can never quite catch a break. I couldn't even read a book alone without Sonic clinging to me like Saran wrap. On day two, I finally had enough. Sonic was following me as usual, so I finally lost my patience and snapped at him, "What do you want!?" I was growing quite sick of him hovering over me without a good reason to.

Sonic's emerald green stare was piercing me as he replied, "Alison, we seriously need to talk. I've noticed that you aren't exactly happy with your current situation. You also seem quite disoriented and confused as to why you are here and not at NFA." He beckoned, his gloved hand silently ordering me to follow behind. I obeyed, huffing in an annoyed fashion.

I followed him down the railing, ducking under the scaffolding when it was appropriate. I asked, "Where is Mom? Does she even know that you and Dr. Weahagu kidnapped me?" Sonic was uncharacteristically quiet, which I later learned from my classmates is a really bad omen. I should have seen Sonic's shoe drop from a mile away, but I didn't. All I saw was a hedgehog that is constantly fretting over me. I spat, annoyed, "Fine, you blue bastard. Keep your secrets." I turn to leave, only to feel a gigantic hand wrap itself around my waist. "OY! HANDS OFF!" I screamed.

"Alison." Sonic's voice cut through, sharper than a knife. I flinch, expecting him to say more. "I pulled you aside so that you and I can talk about why you are here." Sonic continued angrily; his voice becoming sharper than knives.

"So, Duolingo, why am I here?" I asked, using sarcasm.

Instead of answering my question in a straightforward manner, Sonic pulled out a ring from his quills and flung it towards the wall as if the ring was the Ring from Lord of the Rings. The ring swelled and expanded to the size of an adult human athlete. Instead of the ship's wall, I saw a graveyard. Sonic beckoned for me to follow him, tugging on my shirt in an impatient manner as he was doing so. I obeyed, knowing exactly where I am. Tears stung my eyes as I asked Sonic, "Why did you bring me here? This is my father's grave site!" Indeed it was true. I remember being there a month ago to bury him.

Sonic snapped back, "I know that."

I touched my dad's grave, tears stinging my eyes. I rub them away, irritated by the fact that I showed weakness in front of Sonic. "Why did you bring me here?" I croaked, feeling sick.

Sonic stroked my hair, murmuring, "Look to the left of your father's grave."

I obeyed, and my stomach churned. The gravestone was brand new, and the obsidian gleamed as if it was freshly polished. I read the name engraved on the headstone. *There has to be a mistake!* I thought, horrified.

The name read: *Brenda Miller-Black. Born May 22,1967. Died March 3, 2016.* I wailed, "NO." I sobbed, begging, "This has to be a mistake!"

"Alison… I'm sorry. Your mother has passed away. One of Eggman's Badniks murdered her." Sonic replied, his voice sounding heavy. "Her will states that you will be under Dr. Weahagu's care until you are mentally mature enough. So technically, Dr. Weahagu just got himself a daughter."

Sonic pulled me away, yanking me back through the ring portal. "What are you trying to tell me?" I whispered, my voice cracked.

"Alison. There is no sugarcoating this. You're adopted." Sonic told me. I shoved him away from me, rushing towards the nearest restroom. Then all of the contents spilled from my stomach. I felt *sick.* The thought of Sonic spending time with me was enough to make me feel nauseous. I kept the bathroom door shut, since I don't exactly want help.

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After an hour of sobbing and feeling ill, I cleaned the bathroom the best I could and I dragged myself back upstairs, hitting my head on the scaffolding only once. When that happened, I sat down and sobbed even harder. *I just want to die.* I silently begged Adonai. Unfortunately, Adonai was probably taking a message or something since nothing happened. So I drag myself back to my room. I lost all appetite and I decided that it was best if I spent my day in bed.

So I slipped back under the covers of my bed, sobbing uncontrollably. *What have I done to deserve that cruel fate of being his daughter? All I did was lightly sass my mother when it came to sweeping, like every normal teenager would do!* I kept sobbing into my pillow, and I peered outside. The sky was still a cheery blue color, mocking my grief. "I hate this fucking jail!" I whined into my pillow. I felt something nudge me, but I ignored it. The nudge became more insistent. I turned to the owner of the hand that is nudging me and I growled, "Go the literal fuck away."

"Such rude language." I hear Dr. Weahagu tsk at me. Then he told me, "So Sonic told you about what happened to your mother, huh?" I nodded, burying my face in my pillow. My heart was shattered in a million tiny pieces. "Come here, my dear girl." He rumbled, his cobalt hair swept to the side. I decided to ignore him, keeping my back turned. "Guess I'm going to have to cuddle you." Dr. Weahagu warned. I kept ignoring him until he pulled my face into his chest. I listened to his heart beat, calming down enough to breathe. I hiccuped a few times, but that did not matter to me. What did matter is that I know exactly what killed my mother and I know who to blame. *I'm going to murder Eggman when we arrive, then I'm going to go underground and vanish. Sonic wouldn't even know that I'm gone.* I decided, not noticing that Dr. Weahagu's heartbeat was too fast for a human.

Chapter 7: Hell Hath No Fury Like An Autistic Orphan

I started plotting Eggman's murder, from the weather down to the setting and the weapon in question. First, I thought of asphyxiation, but decided it was too risky. Then I drew all of the ideas on how to murder Eggman. Honestly, it was a lot of fun to come up with ways to end the life of my nightmare's enemy. The sad part is that I didn't want to particularly carry it out. Eating with Sonic was pretty damn stressful. Having him stare at you while you eat? I'd much rather play Russian roulette than do that on a regular basis. But having his green eyes trained on you for all hours? I'd rather eat a scorpion than have Sonic the Hedgehog stare at me for painfully long periods of time.

I spoke with Charlie about the intrusive thoughts about murdering Eggman. "Is it wrong that I kinda want to murder Eggman after what he did to my mother?" I asked him, not being careful of my surroundings. I didn't know that this was when I would learn of the class snitch.

"Ali!" Carson hissed, darting his eyes around, "That's not just wrong, but that is dangerous to think that kind of thing at the academy! Are you forgetting who Eggman's nemesis is!?" I shrug as Charlie continued, "If he catches wind of this, he's going to be on high alert with you."

"If who catches wind of what? Who am I high alerting?" A new voice chimed in just as I had a counter argument ready. I groaned inwardly, knowing exactly who it was. The voice was cheesy, rich and has a lot of attitude to boot. It was Sonic; something deep within my gut told me that I wasn't getting out of this particularly unpleasant situation easily.

I knew that I can't let Sonic know of my anger and my hatred towards Eggman since he will stop me from carrying it out.. "Um… Charlie and I were just talking about…" I struggled coming up with something that was believable but also something that would get Sonic off of my back. Then I blurted out, "My mom's GameGear! Yeah! My mom has a GameGear hidden somewhere!" *Crisis averted! That could have ended in a fucking disaster.* I thought. I couldn't be more wrong.

"Your mother's GameGear?" Sonic sounded like he didn't believe me. "I didn't even know she owned one!" His green eyes were now staring straight at me.

"Yeah!" I knew I had to continue lying to get the blue fucker off my back. "Especially one of the cartridges! Don't remember which one, though."

"Alison, last I checked, the GameGear came out before you were born." Sonic teased. Then his voice became quite serious as he continued. "I only know of one game that featured Egghead. It was on the Sega Mega Drive and it sure did not involve him dying!" Sonic was not going to let me get out of this one, so I lied again on the spot. That was a mistake that should not be repeated.

"Yeah! There is a secret ending that involved him getting murdered! Don't know exactly how to get it though. Something about letting the opponent beat you three times?" I nudged

Charlie for help. Charlie nodded in a rather unconvincing manner.

“Alison, you’re not a good liar.” Sonic scolded. I wilted under his hard, green gaze. “I get that you are angry at Eggman for the death of your mother but because of your choice of words, I have no choice but to watch you at all times.” He scowled, adding, “How long I observe you is going to be based on your behavior.”

I bowed my head in shame at the fact that I got caught plotting to kill Eggman. Then I did something that was unbelievably stupid on my end. I blurted out, “Who told you!?”

Sonic chuckled, ruffling my hair. “I’m not telling. All I know is that the anonymous source told me what you are planning, and she is worried about you. Same source also had a history of people getting angry at her for telling me what is going on in their life.”

I growled, annoyed at the fact that Sonic caught me. I grumbled as I grit my teeth, my braces digging into my flesh, “Fantasy is free.” I adjusted my glasses to make it clear that I am not screwing around.

Sonic added, “So is quality time with me. Speaking of, why don’t we spend time together bonding? You know, get to know each other better? I'd appreciate that.” He used two gloved fingers to make a fake little person walking on me before cusping his gloved, white hand onto my shoulder.

I froze, my eyes wider than saucers. *Did Sonic just ask for me to spill all of my secrets!?* I thought. I inhaled sharply. “I beg your pardon… I thought you knew all about me!?” I squeaked. I was borderline screaming at the blue hedgehog since my voice was that high pitched.

“It’s been so *long* since we last spoke to each other.” Sonic’s voice lilted in a teasing manner. I hated the emphasis that he put on the word “long.” That alone caused the hairs on my arms to stand on end. He added, asking, “And you are what? Sixteen now?”

“Fifteen turning sixteen.” I replied, irritated at Sonic for prying. Then I covered my mouth in horror. *Dumbass. You gave him ammo!* I scolded myself. Sonic’s smirk was enough to tell me that it was at this very moment I knew I fucked up. “EEP!” I tried to run, but I felt something faster than me grab me from behind.

“What? You wanted to remain a mystery to me? How cute.” Sonic’s voice had a tad too much honey and sugar in it when he purred that. “But I’m *really good* at getting pretty girls to talk about themselves.” He emphasized this by wrapping an arm around my shoulder and placing a gloved hand on that peach chest of his almost as if he prided himself on getting girls to wrap themselves around his finger. I hated how his arm rested a little bit too well into my neck. “Last I checked, you are a girl, and you are pretty. But you are much more to me than that now.” Sonic chuckled, a sound deep within his throat that caused me to shiver. I didn't want to confirm what he meant, but I knew that Sonic was right about me being more than just a pretty girl.

“ACK!” I tried batting that arm away in disgust and horror. Instead, that arm slithered down to my waist and that gloved hand rested itself on the curve of my waist almost as if it was

sculpted just for me. He brushed a hair out of my eyes, smirking. “We’ll be arriving to Green Hill Zone Landing Dock very soon. Get into your uniform and meet me in the mess hall.” Sonic ordered me, ruffling my hair. I noticed that he was smirking. I saw something pink slide over his lips… *Wait! Did he just lick his lips in front of me as if I was something that he wanted to devour!?* I realized, shocked and horrified. There was no denying this fact: Sonic the Hedgehog was hiding a lot more than just my mother’s cause of death.

Chapter 8: Docking

That evening, I was getting ready for bed when I heard a knock on the door. I told the person to enter, only to find Carson standing there appearing paler than paper. I ushered him in, noticing that his hands were shaking. I ask, “What’s going on?”

Carson replied, “Sonic wants to discuss the rules with everyone.” He glanced around, then he lowered his voice, “But I have a bad feeling he is hiding something huge from all of us.”

“Hm!?” My interest is piqued at this point. Sonic hiding something could be my ticket out of this nightmare. I knew that any dirt on Sonic’s name would be useful. “What do you mean, hiding?”

“I don’t know. There is something about him and Dr. Weahagu both that just seem off kilter and I can’t place my finger on it.” Charlie shrugged, then his gaze landed on something behind me. His eyes widened in unspoken horror and he pointed, trembling as if he was a leaf. I peeked over my shoulder and froze. I could feel my blood turn to ice in my veins, and my hair on my arms stood on end.

Sonic was standing right behind us, glaring at us as if we were doing something bad. His green gaze was hyper focused on us, and his peach arms were folded. “Oh, hey! We were just talking about you and your husband!” I squeaked. Sonic shook his head at us, and I continued rambling, “All good things! I swear!” Sonic bit his lip when I yelped that. *Was he… trying not to laugh at us?* I wondered.

Apparently he was trying not to; to be honest, he was doing a really bad job at hiding it. Instead, he made a weird noise that sounded like a mix between a gasp and a chuckle. “Alright, nice try.” Sonic smirked at both of us, ruffling my hair. “We will be arriving at Green Hill Zone tonight. Get ready!” He added, sounding a bit more stern. He added when Charlie and I exchanged confused glances, “There is a suitcase in every room. Pack the clothes in the dressers.”

He left, leaving both Charlie and I scrambling. I open my dressers, pulling out blue clothes. There were t-shirts, dresses, crop tops, short shorts, jeans, and jackets. I noted that every article of clothing I pulled out was blue. The last thing I pulled out was a blue kimono. The sash was a peach color and the trim was white. “What the hell?” I asked aloud. “Where are all of my favorite-!?”

Sonic’s voice cut in from behind, “Your clothes from your old life are at my home. You’re not going to wear them at STH Academy because they violate school rules.” I flinched, not quite prepared after the close call from earlier. “What color are your clothes, Al?” Sonic asked. I gawked, confused by his statement. Then he gestured towards my suitcase.

“Oh! Uh… blue?” I was confused at what the clothes provided to me had to do with anything.

“I knew it. You’re sorted in the Sonic House.” Sonic laughed, ruffling my hair.

“Wait, you sort your kids into different houses?” I ask, suspicious that he pulled some Camp Halfblood level crap on me.

“Yes. There are eleven of them. They’re all based off of my buddies and rivals.” Sonic added. My eye twitched before Sonic continued, “Before you ask, no, Eggman does not work with me. And neither do the Deadly Six.” *Damn it.* I thought. I did not think to ask Sonic how big STH Academy really was, which was a mistake on my end. He brushed stray hair out of my face, commenting, “You really do look like Airalain.”

My head shot up to meet his gaze again. “Is she…?”

Sonic replied, “Yes, she is fine. She can’t wait to meet you, Al. When the time comes, you will meet her.” Then I hear the ship’s horn blare. I cover my ears and flinch at the sudden noise. Then the whole damn ship shuddered to a halt, throwing me into Sonic’s arms. “Guess we’re here! Follow me!” Sonic chirped, streaking out of my room.

“Ugh. Welcome to Hell.” I told myself miserably. I peeked over to the port side of the ship, noting that there was no going back to my home. I grabbed my suitcase and dragged it out. Then I note Dr. Weahagu striding down the halls. “Oy, Dr. Weahagu. Where is Airalain located at STH Academy, House wise?” I called, hoping to catch his attention.

“Upstairs in the Sonic House, my dear little lab rat.” Dr. Weahagu replied. Then he stopped what he was doing and dragged me back inside. “Listen carefully to me, Alison. I don’t want you going up the stairs of the Sonic House. Once you are up, you cannot come back down.” He hissed, glancing over his shoulder. “Upstairs is Sonic’s special students, or elites. They *do not* like nosy students wandering into their space.” I wilted, knowing that I have some competition to contend with. “Your twin sister is an elite. Sonic does not want you to meet her until they are both ready.”

“So I just need to work hard and get good grades? Easy.” I smirk at the doctor, noticing him brushing a stray hair out of his face. I admit that I can be quite arrogant about my grades.

“It’s a bit more complicated than that. Don’t head upstairs, whatever you do.” Dr. Weahagu urged me. Then he glanced around again and breathed. “You heard Sonic. Go see him.”

I obeyed, lugging the suitcase the best I could. I turn to see Charlie. I ask, “What color did you get?”

Charlie groaned, “Black and red.” I noticed that he didn't sound particularly pleased with this particular color.

“Aww man. LUCKY! I got blue!” I whined. I wasn’t very enthusiastic over the fact that my new friend was in a different house than me.

“Ali. Black and red means that I’m in the Shadow House!” I whipped my head at this statement. I have heard all about Shadow and something told me that I was best off playing the silent card in his class... Whatever class Shadow teaches, that is.

I hear Sonic call out from my left, “Al, why were you going slowly? It’s time to meet your teachers!” I was dragging my feet to slow down the inevitable.

I sassed back, “Technically I already met you!” That was not my finest idea.

Sonic grinned, calling, “You didn’t meet the rest of them.”

I glanced outside and I felt sick. There were eleven of Sonic’s buddies standing outside. In the dimming twilight I can easily see other Sonic characters. Most of them were easy to see because their fur or quill color is a unique color. I squinted in the shadows to see something black and red. I see two ruby pinpricks glare from the darkness. “Shit.” I gasped.

That was a mistake on my end. I felt something tap my head and I heard Sonic hiss, “Watch your mouth, Alison!” So I opt to keep my mouth clamped shut instead so that I don’t piss off Sonic further. *No need to get myself into trouble on my first day.* I reasoned.

I asked Sonic a lot of questions. My end goal was to annoy him, but that obviously didn’t work. He smirked at me as he answered each of my questions. I learned the following about the House system: Sonic sorts us into our houses by personality and by what we value in life. Since I value knowledge, I thought that I would be in the Tails House, but apparently not. I’m also introverted, so I asked Sonic why I ended up in the Sonic House. He told me it was because he adopted me and also found it easier to keep an eye on me if things “go sideways” as he put it. I tend to melt down when things don’t turn out the way it should.

That was when the first red flags started going off in my head. Sonic ruffled my hair and has told me repeatedly that I was going to love it in the Sonic House. Last time someone told me that I was going to love something, it was my ex forcing me into a nasty situation involving oral… I’m not going to clarify it. But both Sonic and Dr. Weahagu is hiding something. On the way there, Sonic mentioned something along the lines of, “If you want to check out the upstairs, you may.” That basically contradicts what Dr. Weahagu told me. So I decided that the best course of action would be to listen to Dr. Weahagu and disregard Sonic entirely. So I kept following Sonic until we came to a particular rise. Then my breath was taken away at the sight that laid before me.

Chapter 9: Shit Happens

In the fading twilight, I could see a bunch of little buildings scattered around Green Hill Zone like a tiny neighborhood. Something told me that it was no ordinary neighborhood, but rather dorms for everyone to sleep in. They look like the mansions from my neighborhood, but I couldn't tell which color was which. So I decided to follow Sonic… or at least, who I thought was Sonic. It was getting dark and I couldn't tell that the hedgehog I decided to follow wasn't Sonic… yet. I gripped the hand next to me, stating, "Just holding on to someone so that I don't get lost." As we approached, I squinted at the hedgehog I decided to cling to and automatically saw my mistake. I couldn't stop and turn around, so when we approached the building, I piped up, "Pardon, but which house is this?"

The figure I thought was Sonic turned to me and glared. His red eyes gleamed like fire and I knew I made a seriously stupid mistake from the getgo. The voice was soft, rough and angry sounding as he replied, "This is the Shadow House, you damn fool." That voice was waspish enough to cause me to flinch. I was sure that it was a good voice to hear if it wasn't so pissed off.

"Well, this 'damn fool' you are referring to is a short tempered bitch from the Sonic House who just lost her parents and is lost *as fuck with bad eyesight on top of her problems.* " I returned the waspish tone the best I could without crying. But I couldn't help but let tears spring to my eyes. I started pinching myself hard, but then I felt a pair of hands curl around my hands and basically force me to stop pinching myself.

"Stop that right now." I glance up at the ruby eyes glaring at me, noticing that they seem to have softened. "I sense that you are distressed. And looking closer, I made a poor judgment call. I'm Professor Shadow. Do not address me as otherwise."

I quiver, replying, "Professor Shadow, I will do my best to respect that. Just don't call me anything rude because I live by the motto 'if you can dish it out, you can take it' and teachers are no exception to this quirk of mine." I was taken aback at how strong he was. *I should avoid pissing off Shadow whenever possible.* I decided, shivering at the thought of what might happen if I was stupid enough to piss him off.

"Good. What House are you? I had to reset my memory because I remembered something outright embarrassing." I can now see plainly exactly where I fucked up, not quite noticing that the voice might have forgotten that I just stated what House I was in. The hedgehog I was holding onto had black and red fur with white fluff on the chest. I am honestly surprised I didn't get my wrist sprained from that encounter.

"Sonic House?" I ask, feeling uncertain if I was going to get a factory reset or worse.

"Okay. Hold on tight." Shadow ordered. I obeyed, gripping that gloved hand tightly. Then he pulled out a gem and yelled, "CHAOS CONTROL!" Then it felt like I was whipped around by a rollercoaster in the dark while our bodies just vanished into the chaos. What little color swirled in front of my eyes like a Da Vinci painting and then I heard a *crack* like a whip.

Then we materialized in front of a building. “We’re here. I’m not going easy on you.” Shadow told me, ruffling my hair. I was lucky I didn’t break my face open on the pavement by the sheer force of the sudden materialization alone.

“Please don’t. I prefer you treat me the same as everyone else in this jailhouse.” I retorted, folding my arms. I added, hoping to get Shadow to like me for me, “Thank you for helping me.”

Shadow huffed, folding his arms over his chest. Apparently my silent decision to just be nice earned me annoyance. “Later, faker.” Shadow grumbled.

“Oy, pierdolić to you too! See you later, Professor Dupek!” I snarl back. I had enough of whatever crawled up Shadow’s ass and died at this point. I huffed and did a triple middle finger, angry at the black and red hedgehog. *He’s lucky I didn’t decide to rip him a new one! I’ll cuss him out in Polish the next time he calls me a faker. It’ll serve him right.* I decided after I was done with my mini piss off.

I stop to stare at the large, cobalt building. It had pillars, huge windows and the door had a simple emblem that looked like Sonic’s profile. *Welcome home.* I told myself miserably, knowing that I was going to spend the rest of my teenage (and probably adult) years there. Then I open the door. The first thing that I noticed was how brightly lit the place was. I was nearly blinded by the light, but when my eyes were done adjusting, I gasped. The hall was a bright blue with gold flecks on the floor. I had a feeling that every millionaire that I heard of was going to be envious of this floor. Then I hear Sonic’s voice. It sounded eager as it was starting up a conversation. I can identify that creep’s voice easily. I grit my teeth and enter the room I guessed he was in.

It looked like the average living room in a mansion, save for the thirty kids sitting on every surface that can be safely sat on. Sonic himself was standing, leaning casually against the fireplace towards the back. His green eyes seem to have lit up as he exclaimed, “Ah, Alison~! I’m so glad you could join us!”

Everyone immediately gazed at me, and I felt like my face had been set on fire. I grumbled, my voice dripping with sarcasm, “Yeah. I’m about as glad as a heart attack.” I quickly found a place to perch: a particularly high part of the couch near the back that was pressed against the wall. I just sat up there as Sonic continued talking for one solid minute about the rules and such, then he glanced at me and paused for a solid thirty seconds. He smirked, gazing at me. “What?” I ask, irritated that Sonic would draw attention towards me again.

“Alison, did your mother teach you to sit like that on chairs?” He teased, beckoning for me to come down. Everyone was now staring at me, so I figured it was a good idea to be defiant to Sonic.

“What if she did?” I shot back, and everyone stared at me. I guess they have never seen a sass queen like me shoot my mouth off to Sonic before.

“Al. We both know that your mother did not teach you to sit on the couch like that. Why don’t you come down?” Sonic asked, folding his arms and narrowing his green eyes. I

thought I saw smoke coming out of his mouth, but that could have been my overactive imagination.

I sassed, “Nah, I love the view up here.” Everyone gasped silently… except for Sonic. He managed to hold onto his serious expression for a few seconds, then he cracked up laughing.

“Ah, you found a loophole! You’d make an excellent elite!” Sonic choked out between laughs, then he composed himself and opted to be a little bit more serious. “But seriously. Get down from there before I come up and make you get down.” I glare at the blue hedgehog, my face burning at the thought of being grabbed by my worst nightmare. So I did the triple middle finger. That was not my brightest idea. Sonic snickered, then he told me, “Now you are just asking for it.”

Before I could respond, that blue hedgehog leaped over the table that was blocking his way, vaulted himself onto the couch and had both arms wrapped around my waist within a blink of an eye. I screamed as he pushed me back down. I landed right into his apricot chest, and my life flashed before my eyes. I started bucking and struggling, but unfortunately Sonic is too strong for me to escape. “You can’t say that I didn’t warn you.” Sonic teased, wrapping both arms around me tightly. Then he continued talking. When he was finished, he called out, “Since all of you arrived just in time for the weekend, I’ll be seeing you soon!” I thought that was my opportunity to escape.

I was about to wriggle out when Sonic tightened his grip again, telling me, “Al, I might move you upstairs really soon. You are indeed smarter than your classmates. I saw that you found a loophole in my words. Don’t get comfortable in your dorm.” He dropped his voice lower and murmured, “Your twin sister is waiting.”

My ears perked up at this. This meant two things to me: Airalain is alive and whatever Dr. Weahagu told me as a kid about what happened to me being a dream… he was lying. I decided that this weekend was a good time to do some digging on Dr. Maurice O. Weahagu.

Chapter 10: Truths

After Sonic was done with his pleasantries, he ushered all of us into our dorms. “We’re going to know each other better tomorrow!” Sonic exclaimed, “I can’t wait to see y’all tomorrow morning!” I cocked an eyebrow at the blue hedgehog, since I was surprised that he would use Southern slang to make his point known. I didn’t say anything, though; I was planning on ditching that blue bastard and instead exploring my surroundings.

You could easily imagine my shock when Sonic pecked me on the forehead. “What the-!?” I exclaim, rubbing my forehead aggressively. *Get it off! It felt like being kissed by sandpaper!* I thought, too stunned to make sense of what he was doing. “Keep it professional!” I squeaked, evading that gloved hand.

“What? I can’t kiss you goodnight?” Sonic teased, trying (and failing) to make me turn my gaze towards his green eyes. “You do realize that I’m your dad now, right?”

“I don’t want people thinking that I’m your favorite!” I spat between choked whimpers.

“But Al, you *are* my favorite student.” The blue bastard replied, leading me towards a flight of stairs. “Your dorm for tonight is right here at the base of the stairs. That way, I can easily transfer you to your new dorm by tomorrow night.” He opened my dorm and I gawked at it. The dorm was plain, had zero items to make it impressionable, and looked slightly depressing. “Good night, Al.” Sonic whispered, wrapping an arm around my waist.

“N-n-night.” I stuttered. Just as I was about to close the door to be my authentic, miserable self, Sonic blocked it with his foot. “Oy! What gives, pincushion!?” I whisper-screamed in an angry way, trying to push Sonic’s sneaker out of there. Sonic briefly scowled at me, then he smirked.

“No kiss?” He teased, peering through the door with one eye. To be honest, it was quite unnerving to see Sonic peering at me through the door.

“No . *Pierdolić, dupek!* ” I hissed. To be honest, I was too scared to think about asking Sonic to move his foot.

Sonic raised an eye ridge at me. “Mind translating that?” Sonic whispered teasingly.

“Absolutely. It means, ‘see you tomorrow, sir!’” I hissed back. I knew that I was lying. I have read Sonic’s syllabus and one of the rules was that swearing was not allowed. But I found another loophole: Sonic never specified what language swearing was not allowed in. Then I asked, “Can you please just let me go to bed?” Sonic nodded, sliding his red and white sneaker out of the doorway.

So I did my nighttime routine, but before I could fall asleep, I heard a knock on the door. “Go away, Sonic.” I growled, then I opened the door to chew Sonic out. Instead of the blue hedgehog, I saw someone else. Her almond eyes darted back and forth, her hair was shorter than mine, and her teeth had braces. If I could describe this person, the first thing I would notice is her height. She was shorter than me. She whispered to me, “New Girl, you need to run. You need to flee STH Academy and get out of here. Sonic is hiding a lot of things. Things about his elites… and he would stop at nothing to keep an iron grip over everyone.”

I hiss back, “Why? Sonic is faster than us!”

She shook her oily hair, stubbornly ignoring me. “Listen closely. Once you go up those stairs, you never come back down as the same person. Something happens to you up there. I don’t know what it is, but if you find a girl named Kayla, ask her about Tina Caruso.”

I couldn’t wrap my head around what she was saying. “Dumb it down, please.” I told her.

“Listen. I have a feeling that there is more to Sonic’s elites than what he let on. They act differently from us. They act superior somehow, or egotistical. But I’ve seen shy people like you go up those stairs and come down acting like pop stars. You need to get out of here. You need to run.” The girl whispered.

“I’ll just tell Dr. Weahagu.”

“No! There’s no use. Sonic seems to have Dr. Weahagu wrapped around his gloved fingertip. There’s no point getting him to listen!” The girl whispered, her eyes widening with horror.

“Wait… what if I went up there and did some investigating?”

“Sonic will never allow you back downstairs.” The girl trembled, as if the thought of angering the giant hedgehog was a death sentence.

“Who said I needed to transfer it by mouth?” I ask, keeping my voice low.

“Well, once you go up, we wind up being blocked by you.”

“Meet me at the bottom of the stairs at three AM tomorrow night.” I hissed, ending the conversation there momentarily. Then I found myself hatching up a plan. *I could snoop around, pretend to get integrated, and transfer information to Tina through “accidental” bumps. Or just pass it to her by hiding it.* I whispered, “I’ll hide the information in the lobby. It will be-”

“It will be what, hm?” I hear a familiar voice ask, chilling me to the bone. I glanced over to my right to see that Sonic was standing right next to me. “Planning on telling me something so soon, dear?” My hair automatically was on end. I’ve never seen or heard Sonic address anyone like that in my life. If the alarms in my head aren’t ringing yet, they are now.

I mutter, kicking my feet, “No. Night.” I dove into bed and wailed into my pillow. *Why is it always me!? Sonic is acting like a fucking creep and I can’t even confide in anyone because Sonic would only be eavesdropping! I am alone!* That was when I felt loneliness for the first time. It was a horrible feeling in my chest. It felt as if someone ripped my heart out and stomped on it. I sobbed, knowing that there is no way of getting out of there. I sobbed until I felt a hand on my back. “What do you want?” I grumble.

“I know you miss your parents, but you have me now.” I hear Sonic reply. I turn to face the blue bastard. I couldn’t read his expression. If there is one way to accurately describe Sonic’s

facial features in one phrase, it would be *resting bitch face* because he looks angry all the time even though I know from experience that this was not the case. He patted my back, murmuring, “You can break curfew if your mental health is that bad. The Werehog Alpha is quite understanding. Don’t let him fool you.” He told me with a sly wink.

I felt something flutter in my chest. I reply, gazing elsewhere, “I understand, sir.” *Curse you for betraying me, brains!* I scolded myself. If there is one thing that I don’t like, it has to be being vulnerable to people who I know would find ways to screw with me.

Chapter 11: JAILBREAK!

I closed my eyes tightly, bundling up under the covers. I told myself harshly, “Go to sleep!” But other voices were jumbling in my mind. I can hear Carson, Dr. Weahagu, Sonic, and even that strange girl talking and basically repeating what they have said to me individually. After hours of tossing, turning and general bullshit, I. Had. Enough. So I peek over at my alarm clock and swore at myself. *4:30* . I knew that Sonic was going to be shitting kittens, but I didn’t care. So I flopped out of bed and put some clothes on.

I opened my door, flinching when it creaked open. I peeked out of my room, glancing around. *Nobody is going to be up at this shitty hour.* I concluded, sneaking to the front of the Sonic House. I glanced over my shoulder, hoping nobody was there. “Eggman is a dead man when I find him.” I mutter, then silently cuss at myself for not devising an effective way to off the deranged bastard.

I’d love to say that I’d successfully sneaked off campus, ended Eggman and added gory details, but then I’d be spitting bullshit. What actually happened was I just began to jog away from my new hell when I heard a voice exclaim, “Al! What are you doing up this early in the morning!?” I froze as I recognized the voice from the get go. *It was Sonic’s voice, and he sounded pissed.* I realized. I ignored it, opting to run instead. I crash into something gigantic. *OOF.* I topple over, my arms getting tangled with something large. I tried to detangle myself from whatever it was I crashed into, but whatever it was wanted me off balance. I tried to stand up only to crash… right into Sonic. “Now that I caught you, *what were you doing out of bed?* ” Sonic’s voice sounded amused but quickly became full of venom.

“None of your goddamn business!” I spat. That was obviously the wrong answer, since I was pinned against something that felt like wood. It was dawn when I sassed Sonic. I could only see his irises glowing in the gray. I knew my shit was fucked up the minute I was lifted at eye level. I could feel my feet leave the ground as I was lifted at Sonic’s eye level. He cocked an eye ridge at me, and I knew that I was fucked.

“Excuse me?” Those two words were obviously a challenge. Since I was a dumbass, I took the challenge. I tried to scratch and claw my way out of his iron grip, but I think Sonic anticipated that. He wrapped his left hand around both of my wrists and gripped them, the fabric on his gloves seeming to glow as the dawn faded to morning. “Let’s try this again, dear. *What were you doing out of bed?* ” Sonic asked again, his cobalt quills seeming to glow in the sunrise. I quivered, realizing my mistake too late. “Well?” He pressed, his voice getting quieter. I kept my mouth shut, too scared to talk anyways. “Al, I can easily get you talking. Now, why were you awake?” He whispered.

I could only gag and splutter. I hissed, trying to make myself threatening. He made his grip tighter as he chuckled. I finally found my voice. “I need to take care of one thing before I arrive.” I spat.

Sonic asked, faking shock, “Oh? And what would that be? You’ve already been enrolled and you don’t have any worry about getting books.” His black nose was just barely touching my

nose, his cobalt forehead just an inch away from my forehead.

“I…” I trailed off, realizing that telling Sonic about my plan to murder Eggman might not be a hot idea. “Fuck. Forgot.”

“Alison.” Sonic’s voice lilted in warning. “We spoke about how you shouldn’t be using profanity.”

“You get to say damn!”

“That was in 2005! My… creator thought it was a good idea!” He hissed.

I clamp my mouth shut, knowing he has a good point. “I forgot.” I growled.

“So, if I were to bring you to Sil-?” Sonic began, but I cut him off.

“No! It’s fine. I might remember it later!” I hurriedly tried to shut that idea down. I did not want a psychic hedgehog prying into my mind and picking my brains apart to tell Sonic my true intent.

“You can’t prevent this, darling. I’m bringing you to Silver.” Sonic retorted, a resolute tone in his voice. *Goddamn it, I blew my one chance at revenge.* I thought as Sonic threw me over his shoulder as if I was a sack of potatoes. I realized, *Wait. I could flip myself over his shoulder and get a running start.* I knew my plan was risky, but Sonic wasn’t going to let me off the hook easily. So I grabbed a back quill and used it to flip myself off of Sonic. The minute my feet hit the floor, I took off running. I heard Sonic chuckle, then I felt something grab me and lift me into the air again.

I didn’t take time to fuck around and find out where I am. I slid out of my shirt and took off running again, leaving me in only a sports bra and jeans. *Crack.* I felt the ground vanish under my feet, and I tumbled down the slope. I yelled, “Jailbreak, motherfucker!” rolling onto my feet and beginning to sprint again. It would have gone according to plan, save for one tiny detail: Sonic the Hedgehog was faster than anyone at STH Academy. Even Usain Bolt has zero chance against a nine foot tall, blue hedgehog. I kept running, the green grass beginning to blur in my peripheral vision. I heard something run after me, then I tripped, spraining my ankle. It felt as if a hot wire was shoved up my foot.

I heard something thundering towards me, screeching to a halt right next to me. I closed my eyes in dismay, waiting for the worst to happen. *Would Sonic scream at me? Pull me by the hair?* I wondered, hearing my own heart beating in the deafening silence. Instead, I felt something touch my back in a delicate manner. “Where did you get these bruises from?” Sonic asked from somewhere above me. I kept my eyes closed. “ *What evil fucker would hurt someone like you?* ” Sonic asked, his voice colder than ice. I knew exactly what he was talking about: he was talking about the beatings my ex gave me.

“Mike…” I mutter, “He… he was my ex.” I opened my eyes a crack and peeked over at Sonic. His expression was almost impossible for me to read. “He gave me these bruises after I caught him sleeping around.” I explained. “He became verbally abusive towards me before

the breakup. He beat me to a pulp because I told him that video game characters are not real." I shut my eyes tight and flinched, expecting to be cuffed.

"Kid…" Sonic sounded stunned. Then he regained his posture and asked me, "So, what were you really doing?"

"Tying up a loose end. Getting closure." I blurted out, then I covered my mouth. *Fuck! He knows!* I realized, panic closing up my throat.

"At five in the morning?" Sonic sounded skeptical.

"If I didn't do it then, it would never-!" I began, but Sonic shut me up by placing a gloved hand over my mouth.

"Now it makes more sense. You were looking for revenge against what Eggman did to your mother." Sonic sounded angry, and I knew that he had every right to be pissed off at me. I flinch, waiting for Sonic to hit. He didn't, instead, he forced me to gaze at him. I whimper, scared that this little incident was going to come back to haunt me. "I'm letting you off with a friendly warning, Al. Now that I understand what you have been through, I don't think punishing you for looking for closure is the answer." He told me, pulling me to my feet and forcing me to lean on him. "However," Sonic continued, forcing me to gaze up at his green eyes again, "you made yourself into a flight risk and I'm moving you upstairs when we return." The hairs on my arms stood up on end when he announced this.

"Sonic, be honest. What did you expect from a Wandering Jew such as myself?" I asked, finally finding words in my mouth again. Sonic stared at me for a second, then burst out cackling. "What did I say?" I ask.

"I'm sorry, that comment you made just… sounds like a comment I'd make!" Sonic explained between choked snickers. Sonic gave himself a minute to compose himself, then he added, "That does not excuse you, though." I groaned. My one chance at revenge was thwarted and yet, I thought carefully about the situation I got myself into and realized that Adonai was giving me an intervention, and his intervention came in the form of a spiky, blue, nine foot tall hedgehog.

Chapter 12: Stairway to Hell

I groan, knowing that I just don't have it in me to commit a murder. Sonic glanced at me, his gaze shifting from my back to my face. I was trembling too much to see that he was touching my bruises in a delicate way. I whimpered in terror at the thought of what Sonic might do. "Please…" I whimper, unable to formulate what I needed into words. I know what I needed: help.

"Al… *how long has he been doing this to you?* " Sonic's voice became icy, cruel and downright frightening. I tremble, curling up in a ball to protect myself. "Well, sweetheart?" His voice was now just a whisper next to my ear. I kept myself curled up in a ball, whimpering at his gentle touch. "Long time, eh?" Sonic seemed to understand my reluctance to answer as he brushed a lock of hair out of my face. He placed my shirt back over me, allowing me time to cover myself up.

I mutter, unable to meet his penetrating green gaze, "You really weren't supposed to see that." I stop to gaze at Green Hill Zone again, surprised that the sun seems to melt away my worries. "How far did I…" I trailed off, ashamed that I ran off in the first place.

"Al, fifteen miles is a step for me." Sonic commented, forcing me to gaze at him again. My legs felt as if they became gelatin as I stared deep into his emerald green gaze. I was petrified as he wrapped an arm around me. "Let's head back. You'll be moving upstairs immediately because I don't want you getting hurt." He stretched out his cobalt legs as he spoke, seemingly bored by my little attempt to run away.

"Should I be worried?" I blurted out, then I covered my mouth. *Goddamn it. I should just be silent from now on.* I decided.

"No. School starts tomorrow and I'm still letting you off with just a friendly warning. If you pull anything like this during the semester again… *we're going to be spending a lot of time talking about how we are going to adjust your behavior.* " Sonic's tone made it obvious that he wasn't kidding. So I just let Sonic carry me. If you are going to ask me what riding in Sonic's arms is like, imagine going on a roller coaster. Now imagine that rollercoaster having no track and zipping at Mach 1. That was what riding in Sonic's arms was like.

When we got back, Sonic started tugging me towards the stairs. I resisted, making sure to protest as loud as possible. I started scratching, screaming and doing everything I could to avoid going upstairs. My fingernails dug for something to grip at the floor as the thought of horror at going upstairs crossed my mind. Sonic tugged me at the base of the stairs. I could see Charlie entering, his eyes trained on me. " *CHARLIE! HELP!* " I screamed, tears pouring down my face. Sonic yanked me into his arms, shaking his head at me while he was doing so. "Please… I don't wanna go." I whimper, trying to make myself tinier.

"Served you right for trying to get away from something that I know is a good fit for you, Alison. Hopefully I don't have to remind you." Sonic retorted, lifting me with ease and slinging me over his shoulder. I think he learned from last time because his arm was pinned

tightly to my kneecaps. By the time we were halfway to the stairs, a crowd gathered. I knew that I was a dead girl walking, so I nudged Sonic. “What?” Sonic asked.

“I’m done struggling and acting like a jerk. May I please walk on my own now?” I ask, making sure to keep my tone sweet. I knew that I was walking into the stairway to hell, but I was not feeling like being shamed while walking on the way up.

“Fine. Since you said please… I will watch you walk up those stairs instead. Any attempt to run will result in me dragging you up the stairs regardless of how many times you beg for me to let you walk.” Sonic huffed, dropping me into a tangle at his feet. He added before I could straighten myself out, glaring down at me, “Don’t ever forget that I move faster than you.” I was not going to forget that in a hurry.

Everyone was gazing at me, and I could hear people murmuring. I noticed many expressions cross everyone’s faces; I could sense that the crowd was nosy. I walked towards the stairs, winking at the female students, pointing the finger guns at the male students, and just acting like I was a star on the platform. I got to the first stair, and I hesitated. I inhaled, then I started walking up the stairs.

I noticed something was wrong with those stairs almost immediately. I don’t know exactly what it was; I just felt *compelled* to walk to the top. I stopped halfway up and glanced at Sonic. He was staring at me, gesturing for me to hurry up. His sneaker was tapping with an unsaid irritation, and the corners of his mouth were at a sharp downturn. I knew that I needed a showstopper for people to remember me by. So, I took my middle finger, kissed it, and saluted the crowd. Everyone did the same thing in return, the older students chuckling at Sonic when they realized exactly what I was telling everyone without actually saying it. Sonic himself was scowling, then he started walking towards me. I yelled to the crowd, “G’day, Sonic House!”

Then I ran upstairs. I could hear Sonic running up the stairs. I didn’t fuck around and find out what he wanted. I made it to the top, panting. Then I peeked over to see Sonic storming towards me. “Al, want to explain to me why you flipped me off?” Sonic seethed, his eye ridge so close to the bridge of his nose that I could have sworn that he had two eyes.

I decided to use the dumb blonde route. “Wait, that was what that meant? My apologies!” I chirp, using my doe eyes.

“Whatever. I’m going to introduce you to your new classmates.” Sonic grumbled, dismissing me with a sharp, “The door at the end of the hall is where you want to go. I got something to take care of.” He pulled out what looked like the newest iPhone and typed something. I obeyed his instructions, jogging to the door that he was talking about. “Alison, walk.” Sonic scolded loudly.

“OKAY!” I yelled back. I slowed down though, just walking under a speed walk. “Goddamn hypocrite.” I grumbled under my breath. Then I felt something tap me sharply. “Ow.” I mutter, glancing behind me. Sonic was right next to me, glaring at me with his poison green eyes.

“Next time, I’m going old school and busting out the soap.” Sonic scolded me. I almost forgot Sonic was born in a time where that was allowed. I trembled as Sonic opened the door. He shoved me inside, telling me, “Your new classmates will be along in a minute. They have been buzzing about you.” I jerk my head to look Sonic dead in the eyes, horrified at what he has been saying about me. I had zero idea what kind of fresh horror Sonic had in store for me.

Chapter 13: I Sold My Soul to Headmaster Sonic

“Wait here.” Sonic ordered, then that blue asshole left me alone to my thoughts. Most of those thoughts were unsettling. But it gave me time to look around the room and breathe. It looked like an ordinary game room, save for the gigantic fireplace at one end. The mold of the fireplace was shaped like two werehogs holding a log. The windows extended out in a half circle, making a cozy little balcony. There was a bench at the window. The couch I sat on was large enough to fit thirteen people on it. I curled up at the end of the couch, noticing that it was shaped in a half circle. The sunlight filtered through, tempting me to just lay down and enjoy myself. At one end of the room was a library full of books and video games. I knew I was going to spend a lot of time there. *Maybe Sonic is not as bad as he seemed. Dr. Weahagu was right. I have been pretty unfair to him.* I noted, snuggling into the edge of the couch.

Then I hear the door creak open. I hear multiple people talking, then the room quickly fills with… I’m going to need to describe them all. Some of the people who entered the room had more human qualities. Others looked exactly like Sonic. I shrank back as one particularly prosperous hedgehog sat next to me, oblivious that I was there. I noticed that all of the human students there had blue hair and sunglasses on. I grabbed my ankle, but I felt my fingers wrap themselves around some fabric.

I froze, glancing at my hand. It intertwined itself with another hand, specifically a gloved white hand. I glanced at Prosperous and nearly screamed. I detangled myself from my position and started running. I crashed into somebody. “Watch it.” The voice was soft, sultry and right now, it sounded pissed.

“Pardon.” I muttered, then I glanced at her face. I accidentally crashed into another human, one that looks exactly like me. I froze, my face paling. I reached for her, my fingers trembling. *It can’t be!* I was frozen in horror at the sight in front of me.

Her face was identical to mine. She looked exactly like me, but somehow prettier. Her red tinted glasses made her eyes seem brown. Her black lipstick made her seem more goth and punk. “You look familiar. Have I seen you around STH Academy before?” The sultry voice asked again, and I realized that she was talking to me. She squinted at me, then turned to Prosperous Hedgehog and called out, “Oy, Kayla. Come here.”

Prosperous Hedgehog (who I guess is called Kayla) got up from her seat and strided towards us. “What’s up, Airalain?” Kayla greeted the Goth Me with enthusiasm, then she glanced at me. She whipped her head at me again and forced me to gaze at her. I protested, turning my gaze away. “This human looks very familiar, Airy.” I froze, finally realizing what this oversized hedgehog just called this strange version of me.

I couldn’t deny it anymore. I finally found my twin sister in this hellscape. I reached for Airalain, whispering, “I thought I lost you forever.” Airalain leaned away from me, then her eyes widened. “Airalain, I thought you were dead!” I exclaim, grabbing her. “We need to get out of here! Come on!” I tugged on her, but she was not moving at all.

“Get out of here?” Her voice echoed, her eyes glaring at me. I nod, trying to tug her towards the door. “Sugar pie, this is my home.” She rasped, causing me to freeze. She forced me to gaze at her, her seemingly brown eyes laser focused on me. “Why would I *want to leave?* Who are you to say that this is not my home?”

I paused, realizing my problem. *Airalain is brainwashed somehow into thinking this is home.* I realized, my heart sinking. “I’m too late…” I whisper, sinking to my knees. My plan of grabbing Airalain and dashing evaporated before my eyes, and I felt hopeless. I started sobbing, knowing that Sonic had successfully got Airalain to wrap herself around his gloved, white fingertip.

“There, there. You are among *friends.* ” Airalain drawled, patting my back. I trembled at her touch, and Kayla sat beside me. She started dabbing my eyes, and I froze. I haven’t heard a kind word in a while, and I secretly liked it. “Why don’t you sit at the couch and let us talk to you about the opportunity of a lifetime that is just at your fingertips?” She queried, wrapping her fingers around my arm. I oblige, trembling in Kayla’s arms.

Airalain started gesturing for everyone in the room together. I guess she is the ringleader, since everyone obeyed. I watched as both humans and hedgehogs gathered around us, and I felt like I was drowning in blue. Murmurs broke out among both of them. Airalain silenced everyone, then she announced, “My twin sister is finally here.” I squirm, wondering if she knew my name. “Be nice to Alison. She has been through a lot.” She added, and everyone muttered among themselves. Airalain leaned into my chest first. “My, oh my. You are *tender* . Exactly how I imagined you.” She murmured thoughtfully, wrapping my curls around her fingertips. I clean my glasses, feeling too bashful to say anything. Then she turned to everyone and asked, “Is Daddy coming?”

“Here.” I hear Sonic reply. I peered at him and immediately leaped into action. I shove Airalain behind me and I growled. I put myself into a fighting stance. *I lost her once. I’m not going to lose her again.* I swore to myself. “Alison, you need to calm down.” Sonic chided, his green eyes narrowing.

“You don’t need to protect me from Daddy, Ali.” Airalain grumbled behind me.

I whip my head at her, stunned at what she had just called Sonic. “Did you seriously just call Sonic ‘Daddy’?” I exclaim, then I lowered my voice for only Airalain to hear, “Sonic must have seriously scrambled your brains really bad in order for you to call him that. He kidnapped you, doofus.”

“He did not kidnap me, Sonic *raised* me.” She shot back, flipping her curly blue hair into my face. I had a feeling that we are going to be arguing a lot over this subject.

Sonic was trying his best not to laugh at me. Then he cleared his throat and showed me a piece of parchment and a pen. “Well, my dear, before I can get you fully integrated, I need you to do one tiny thing.” He pushed the contract onto a coffee table and gestured towards it. His green eyes gleamed with unspoken mischief. “Sign this contract and everything you could possibly want in the future can be all yours.” He whispered. He placed the pen in my hand and whispered again, “It’s right at your fingertips, darling. Just sign it and your problems will disappear.”

“Does this include college?” I ask, suspicious of what he was saying. I learned the hard way that if something sounded too good to be true, it probably is.

“College, housing, marriage expenses. You name it, I’m providing it only if you sign the contract.” He replied, his voice dripping with honeyed sweetness. I gingerly picked up the pen and wrote my name, surprised that the ink was blood red. I felt a stabbing pain in my hand immediately after signing the contract. I gasped in pain, taking off my gloves to see if I accidentally stuck something in there. I could only see my signature in blood on my left hand. “Good girl.” Sonic drawled, patting my head. I could only stare in horror at my own signature on my hand. *Sonic tricked me into signing a blood contract.* I realized, horror closing up my throat. Sonic chuckled, wrapping his arms around me and whispering, “I can’t wait to get started.”

I glanced at Sonic, and I shouted, “I need to see Dr. Weahagu! Right now!” I shoved Sonic away and I began to run. Panic was closing up my throat and I started getting tunnel vision. I knew that Dr. Weahagu was going to be pissed, but I really needed a comforting presence right about now. If you told me before Mom died that I would be actively seeking Dr. Weahagu for comfort, I’d call bullshit. But here the fuck I am, looking for Dr. Weahagu to comfort me.

I was about to run downstairs when I heard Dr. Weahagu calling from the bottom, “Ali? Where are you!?” That pushed me to run faster. I had zero idea what Sonic does to elites if they go downstairs. I slid on the banister, pushing myself to go faster. I did not want Sonic anywhere near me, especially since he fucking tricked me into signing that awful contract. I can see Dr. Weahagu plainly now. His sunglasses made it impossible to see his eyes, but judging by the sharp downturn, I don’t think he’s happy to see me. I leaped down the last flight of stairs and into his arms.

“H-h-h-he tricked m-m-m-me!” I wailed into his arms, shaking in horror.

“Who!? Who tricked you into going upstairs!?” Dr. Weahagu asked waspishly.

“Y-y-your h-husband, S-s-s-sonic.” I whimpered. I was trembling in his arms, relieved that someone familiar was near me.

“Alison.” Dr. Weahagu’s tone was sharp, harsh and cold. I flinch, but continue hugging Dr. Weahagu. “I will not tolerate any lies about my husband.” I froze, staring at him. *What the fuck is wrong with you!?* I wonder, shivering. *Haven’t you realized that Sonic tricked me into signing something I shouldn’t have!?* I knew that Dr. Weahagu was going to be unsympathetic, making me feel more miserable. Then he shifted his gaze to my left hand. “And what is *that, young lady?* ” I never heard so much anger and malice in his voice before. It made me feel *sick.*

“Sonic tricked me into signing a b-blood contract.” I stuttered. I gripped him closer, my tears subsiding into hiccups.

“Alison.” Dr. Weahagu growled, his tone a warning hiss, “I understand that you are devastated by the loss of your mother, but I *will not* tolerate your behavior towards Sonic. You are grounded for the rest of the day. Go apologize to Sonic *at once,* then *go to your room*

and think about what you have said and done. ” I never heard such anger in Dr. Weahagu’s voice before. I pushed him away, and I knew that I was truly alone to survive this hell.

Chapter 14: Nightmare at STH Academy

I dragged myself back upstairs, feeling Dr. Weahagu's disapproving stare. I let my head hang down, shame and anger towards myself building up. *I was fucking stupid to talk to Dr. Weahagu and ask for help.* I glanced at my hand, disgusted at my own signature becoming yet another scar on my body. *So much for that. Dr. Weahagu must have been manipulated by Sonic for so long that he cannot see the truth.* I chide myself, pinching my skin hard enough for me to leave dent marks. I knew that this was the absolute lowest point in my life. I had nobody to turn to, nobody to trust, and nobody to cry to if my anxiety was really bad. *I'm always going to be a nobody. I better get used to it.* I thought bitterly to myself, angry at the fact that I had some fucking hope that somebody is going to notice a nobody like me.

I hung my head as I dragged myself back to the lounge. I knew that my best bet at survival is to trust nobody. I enter the lounge, grumbling at nobody in particular, "This is a shitty day. I better get the worst part over with. Oh, I forgot; *there is no worst part. Because all of it was the fucking worst.* " I spat this at myself, but unfortunately, Kayla heard.

"Ali? You okay?" Kayla drawled, brushing my hair out of my eyes. I turned away, too upset to talk but I knew that talking was a bad idea. Then I felt something wrap itself around me. I was flipped into something squishy before I even had the chance to protest. "Sonic told us that you might act out because of the sadness of losing your mother." She continued, patting my head. I was surprised at how much I melted into a reassuring touch. I didn't care where my comfort came from, it's been a month since I had someone to cry into. I snuggled in deeper, wrapping my arms around Kayla. I breathed in, noticing that she smelled nice, like lavender, magnolia and verbena. *Fuck my Sonicphobia. I need a shoulder to cry on.* I told my trembling body.

I was about to nod off when I felt something poke me in the back *hard.* I grumbled, "Not sharing… unless you want me to. All you gotta do is ask." I emphasize this by hugging Kayla. Kayla chuckled, pressing my face against her chest.

"Alison. We need to talk about what you said to Dr. Weahagu." A sickeningly familiar voice snapped.

"Oh? Is that it? Then I'm sorry *for telling your husband the truth.* I sure as heck won't be making that mistake twice." I muttered, my voice muffled. Then I broke down again, sobbing into Kayla. *Please don't leave me. Or do. I don't care at this point.* I thought to Kayla.

"Ali, hon, what did you do to anger Headmaster Sonic?" Kayla muttered, gently shoving me away. I protested quietly, clinging on.

"I made a mistake. I don't want to talk about it." I muttered back. I felt an oversized hand clasp itself onto my shoulder.

"Al, you did not 'tell my husband the truth.' You are angry at your mother and looking to blame me for it by telling such a horrible rumor about me." I can hear that sickening voice continue to scold me.

“As stated before, I won’t do it again. *Ever.* ” I snarled, making my voice cold. I gently eased myself from Kayla’s grip. “I bid you a good evening.” I spat, hoping the iced formality was enough. It clearly wasn’t as Sonic blocked me from leaving. “Excuse me.” I had icicles dripping from my voice.

“Alison, you are going to start learning now.” Sonic stated, getting too close for comfort. “First lesson should be easy enough for you to understand. *Once you sign the contract, you are obedient only to the professor assigned to your House.* ” Sonic’s voice made it obvious that he would do worse if I pressed my luck. “And guess what, darling? *You’re stuck with me whether you like it or not.* ” I never thought I’d describe Sonic’s voice as intentionally deadly, but it sounded like he was going to make sure I lead an early grave if I protested.

“Well, Dr. Weahagu told me to apologize to you and then go to the room that is assigned to me.” I pointed out icily, trying to be civil. That obviously didn’t work since Sonic’s mood went from pissed off to seemingly smug. I couldn’t tell.

“As far as Dr. Weahagu knows, you already did that.” Sonic rasped, running his fingertips into my hair. “Have a seat. Get relaxed.” I obeyed, but I was confused as hell. Then Sonic shoved something that looked like an oxygen mask into my face. I tried to pry this thing away from me, but it was no use. I was leaning into Sonic’s chest and he had one arm wrapped around me. I trembled as I felt Sonic nod at someone. I hear a hiss, and I glance over to see some sort of blue smoke heading towards me. If you are thinking campfire smoke, you’re dead wrong since this smoke was the same color as Sonic. I tried to hold my breath, but Sonic started squeezing me tighter. “Breathe.” He whispered, his hand keeping the face mask stuck to my face. I gasp, terrified as hell at the thought of dying at Sonic’s hand. I wish I said that I coughed and gagged at the scent, but I’d be lying. That weird blue smoke smelled *sweet* . “Atta girl.” Sonic coaxed, keeping the mask sealed to my face. “Now why don’t you take a little catnap?”

My eyelids felt heavy as I mumbled softly, “Y-you’re not getting away w-with th-this.”

“My dear, I don’t think Dr. Weahagu told you that I’m the one calling the shots. It's adorable how you say I won't get away with this. But I already had gotten away with whatever you think I did.” Sonic’s voice was softer than mine. “Do you like this?” He asked, pressing my head against his chest. I could hear his heartbeat thudding in my ear, and I noted that it was pretty damn fast. *Maybe I was wrong. Maybe I can trust him. So I will answer honestly.* I decided.

“I don’t like it. *I love it.* ” I grumbled, my eyelids getting heavier by the minute.

“Good.” He whispered, shifting himself so that I was more comfortable. My eyelids decided to fail me and I was asleep before I could have the chance to ask Sonic what that mystery stuff was.

I dreamed that I was inside of a dark cave. I was underwater, and I knew that if I don’t get out, I was going to drown. I felt something slimy slither past me. Then I hear Sonic’s voice right next to me. “Mmm, is this a fish that is in my domain?” I hear him ask, and I turn to try to say something. “I honestly cannot tell. Let me light up.” Then I hear something that sounded like air escaping from a tire. I couldn’t scream or gasp in shock. Sonic’s legs… were

gone. Instead, there was a long blue tail with a red and white fin with gold flecks. Then I glance at Sonic himself. His eyes glowed radioactive green in the dark, his eye ridge marked with glowing swirls. His quills were glowing at the very tip.

I've read about how some fish have bioluminescence, but I never thought it applied to mermaids. I tried to swim away. "Oh? A human? Let me help you, little one. I'll bring you to the air and feed you, my little dolphin." Then I felt him latch his hands onto me, swimming towards something. Two flicks of his tail and I found ourselves breaking the shore. He plopped me on shore and told me, "I wonder if my Aracne side or Naga side is willing to help you get home. Hopefully they don't try to eat you, my little dolphin." That comment made me freeze.

Then he swam away before I had a chance to say something. Then I heard something that sounded similar to a rattlesnake. I turned and hid near a stalagmite. The water was still glowing, illuminating yet another Sonic, but this one was much more terrifying. His fangs glowed in the darkness, and something told me that they were full of venom. He ran his tongue over his mouth, and I noted that it was forked. "I sssssmell a tassssty mousssssssse." I hear him hiss. "Come out, little moussse. I promisssse that I will feed you sssome good food." I had a bad feeling that this translates to "I will fatten you up and devour you once you are plump enough to eat." So I creep backwards, remembering that snakes will twist themselves into whatever position to catch their prey. I trip over something, then I felt something slither over and squeeze me. "Not a lot of meat on your bonesssssss." The hissing Sonic voice commented.

"Please! Don't eat me!" I squeak, trying to break loose.

"I'm not planning on that yet." Sonic commented, lifting me up. I can clearly see his snake tail. It was barbed and covered in gold diamonds. The rattle on this creature's tail was red and white. Sonic reached over and grabbed a bowl from somewhere nearby. "Fish brainsss forgot to feed you. I'll take care of it." The way he said it almost sounded like he was feeding a pet. But I knew better. "Here. Eat." He held a spoon up to my face and started pouring some tasty liquid down my throat. The bowl was almost twice the size of my stomach and I whimpered. "Fill up that tiny body of yoursss and put some good meat on your bonessss." The voice was a soft command, and I obeyed. I got both hands free and I took the bowl from him. I drank whatever it was that was in there, and I could feel my stomach getting tighter. "Yesss, dear. We love full humansss. The fuller, the tasssstier." The voice coaxed.

"Naga!" I hear another Sonic voice, but this time, it sounded more like a swarm of bees were mimicking him. "What do you have?"

"Human. Sssseafood sssaid that humansss are good eatingsss." NagaSonic hissed.

"Bring the little fly to me." The buzzing voice ordered. I was dropped right in front of a frightening creature. The top half is Sonic, his blue quills and bright green eyes glowed in the darkness. Then I got a good look at his legs… ALL EIGHT OF THEM. They were red and white with fine gold hairs. His abdomen was that of a black widow. He was blue except for the gold hourglass. "Ehh, not a lot for pickings. That simple mermaid had to bring one with no meat on its bones." He caressed my face. "Dear, you will be properly fed. You look like you haven't eaten well in ages." He scurried up the wall, his legs clicking. "Ah, the perfect

place to feed you." He quickly hoisted me up and wrapped me in some sort of fine silk. I knew better; it was spiderweb.

"I'm too full as is." I tried to beg, but AracneSonic shushed me with something very sweet.

"My dear. We need you to become a little fatter." NagaSonic scolded.

"My intent is to make you even fuller." ArachneSonic told me, patting my stomach through the webbing. Then he bit me, his fangs digging into my shoulder. I whimper in fear and pain, the venom working through me. I silently counted my heartbeats, hoping that my next one might be my last. I was unlucky since my heart kept beating. ArachneSonic purred, "Dear, my venom only makes you obedient. So if I say eat, you eat. It does not matter how much you eat. Now, your first command is simple: Wake up."

I wake up gasping for air. The sunset filtered through the window, making the room glow. I noticed that one of the human elites was basking in the light. His shadow looked just like a shadow copy of Sonic… *Hold the fuck up! A human is not supposed to have a hedgehog shaped shadow!* I realized, then I wriggled loose from Sonic's grip. I approached the human elite who was sitting at the window. "Sunset's nice." I commented.

The elite replied, "Yes." Then he glanced at me, then at his shadow. "I guessed you figured me out." The elite took off his glasses and I found myself gazing at a pair of emerald green eyes… *the exact same shade of green as Sonic's own gaze!* I realized. He smiled cockily, giving me a bandaged hand. "I'm Edwin."

"Ali." I return the handshake politely. But I knew that there was something off kilter about all of the elites the minute I saw his shadow. It might have been that every human elite had blue hair, or the fact that all of the elites hid their eyes except for Airalain. But something told me that the human elites might not be human at all.

Chapter 15: Familiar Face

My thoughts were interrupted by my growling stomach. I glance at Sonic to see him getting up. My ears burned when I realized that my own body betrayed me. Sonic beckoned for me to follow him, and I obeyed. I found that the best way to keep up with Sonic when he is walking is by running. Sonic glanced at me, noticing that I was trying my best to keep up. "Need a boost?" He teased, pausing just long enough for me to catch up to him. His legs are long compared to mine.

"Nope! I'm managing well on my own!" I wheezed back, reminding myself to hit the gym more often.

Sonic's smirk was enough to tell me that I made a mistake. "Too bad. You look bent out of shape." He responded, scooping me up into his surprisingly powerful arms. *Shit. This has to be the most humiliating thing that has happened to me in a while. Now he knows that I'm fucked up mentally.* I cursed myself for being weak. "Go eat with the elites." He ordered, shooing me into the massive building that looked a lot more like a goth boarding school. I was not about to argue with something that can easily outrun me.

So, I go stand in line. That was when I heard a familiar voice sneer at me, "If it ain't my stupid ex girlfriend!" I whip my head and see my ex standing right behind me. His pudgy fingers reeked, and his sideburns were as ugly as ever. He was also disgustingly overweight. His pig nose flared at me and I smelled something awful on him.

"Well, if it ain't my fat ass, cheating, disgusting ex-boyfriend who became abusive!" I shot back. That was a mistake. I turn around and he shoves me to the ground. I tried to get up only to be met with him standing on me. His weight was crushing me, and I gasped for breath. Then he stepped on my head, smashing my ear against the floor. I couldn't breathe; so, I patiently waited for the line to move.

It was agony until I hear someone yell, "GET THE FUCK OFF OF MY DAUGHTER, MICHAEL JOSEPH MURRAY!" Then the weight vanished from my head. I cough, lifting my head to see who my savior is. Sonic had my ex pinned to a wall, his spiky back towards me. I noticed his quills are dark blue. His voice was frightening as he growled, "If I catch you near my daughter, you will *wish you were never born.* " The room dropped ten degrees as he growled. He glanced at me and demanded, "Alison, are you hurt?" I nod, barely able to stand up. I was still trying to catch my breath. "Go sit with the elites. You shouldn't be bothered by this bastard anymore." Sonic ordered, his tone sounding frightening. I tried to stand, but I felt too weak.

Instead, Kayla wrapped her arms around me and carried me to a table that had blue haired students and hedgehogs sitting together. "We'll take good care of you, dear. A Sonic House student always watches out for bullies." She murmured, kissing my cheek. I shivered, leaning into this kind touch. Then Kayla turned to the table and called, "Someone get this scrawny hoglet some food!" I had zero idea she was talking about me until someone put a plate of food in front of me. It was chili dogs, mac and cheese and a salad. "Eat, little one." Kayla

rumbled in my ear. I obeyed, scared of yet another beatdown. The food tasted great, the mac and cheese was the perfect temperature and the chili dogs tasted amazing. The salad had the perfect crunch as well, making me surprised that I cleaned my plate that fast.

Airalain asked, forcing me to stop eating for a minute, “So that’s where those bruises came from?” I froze, nearly choking on that last precious bit of mac and cheese. I whip my head at her, stunned. *I never told her about that!* I panicked, then Airalain gestured towards my back. I reached behind me, feeling my bare back with my fingertips. My face paled when I realized that Airalain knew a lot more than what she had originally let on. “I’m going to give that asshole a piece of my mind. Excuse me while I prepare myself. And let me prepare you too.” She started stuffing my face, whispering, “I got you covered. I’ll be dyeing your hair blue.” Then she reached, pulled a strand of hair and hissed, “Ah, you got your first blue streak!”

I grabbed my hair out of her hands and stared in horror at my hair. Most of it was still brown except for a streak of bright-blue hair. I froze as I watched my blue streak become a little wider. “That wasn’t there four hours ago.” I hissed back.

Airalain grinned, twirling my new streak with her gloved fingertips. “It won’t be long until all of it is blue. Then my own act of revenge can spring into play. I got spare glasses.” She chirped in my ear. “Now let me see that beautiful face of yours.” She gently tugged my face to meet her eyes and she wrapped her hands around my face.

“How are you going to defeat my ex? I tried telling him off and he kicked my ass!” I pointed out, worried for her safety.

Her black lips grinned cruelly as she replied, “You know what they say, my darling twin; the bigger they are, the harder they will fall.” Then she paused and asked, “Why did you date that fat loser anyway?”

“He asked me out and I said yes.” I replied.

“What happened that made you break up with that sad sack of shit?” She snarled, ready to pounce.

“He started degrading me and I caught him cheating on me with another girl. I broke up with him, and in response, he became violent. Don’t do it.” I answered, silently begging that she would not do anything stupid.

Airalain got up and told me, “I got something to take care of. Excuse me while Kayla takes you to our room.” I felt my chest flutter when she said *our room* . Kayla gently tugged me to my feet and steered me out of there. Kayla scooped me into her arms and started jogging. Even if she was a little heavyweight, I had to admit that Kayla was quick.

We arrived at the Sonic House a lot quicker than I anticipated. Kayla pulled me upstairs, commenting, “I noticed that your appetite was shockingly large for someone of your tiny size.” She pulled me upstairs before I could say anything, her hands wrapped around my wrists. She pulled me into a room and wrapped both of her hands around my waist. “How about an after dinner treat while we wait?” She queried, twirling my hair around her fingers. Before I could protest, Kayla shoved something in my mouth. It tasted sweet, buttery and

downright *fattening.* I couldn't protest since it tasted that good. "Dear, let me tell you something about myself. I have a gift for the culinary arts." She wasn't lying; it tasted amazing. "Have more, little one." She coaxed, putting another treat in my mouth. I couldn't protest as she massaged my throat. "The fatter you are, the better you will integrate." She whispered, kissing my cheek. My face felt like it was on fire.

I took the time to examine the room I was in. It was surprisingly gothic, the beds having a four post curtain attached, the fireplace having two carvings of werehogs, and the skeleton mirror was a sweet touch. I glanced at one of the beds and gasped in awe. That bed had all sorts of plushies on it. The bookshelf looked more like a coffin. I felt like I was actually home for once. I asked, "So… the blank bed is mine and the one with the plushies and squishmallows is…?"

"That one's Airalain's, darling." Kayla replied, then she pulled out a hairbrush. "I can't resist myself." Then I felt her run that brush through my hair. I whimper every time she gets tangled, and I bit back every urge to scream when she finds knots in my hair. "Huh. After this, we are going to soap together, okay?" The chunky hedgehog bargained, rubbing her nose against mine.

"I'm capable of…" I began, but Kayla shushed me with a glare.

"After the shit show you have been through, let me help you. My treat, dear." Kayla replied, tugging at yet another tangle in my hair. She paused, asking, "When was the last time you brushed your hair?" I shrug, unwilling to answer. I haven't exactly been taking good care of myself ever since my dad passed.

Chapter 16: Calm Before the Storm

It took Kayla a half an hour to brush my hair, then she excused herself. I sat in my new room, enjoying how toasty and homey the room is. I curled up tightly into a ball, hoping that the worst was saved for last. I peeked around the room again, then I saw a photo on one of the desks. I went to examine it closer and froze. It looked to me as a very little girl holding up a flower to the photographer. Her hazel eyes sparkled, her little dress was a soft blue and the flower in her hand looked like one of the sunflowers commonly seen around Green Hill Zone. Behind the girl was a loop. She was missing a tooth and grinning. I knew there was one problem with this picture: I was never in Green Hill Zone as a child. *That must be Airalain. The photographer has to be Sonic.* I realized, my heart sinking.

Then there was another photo. This time, it was a photo of Sonic holding the same little girl and embracing her. If it was not so terrifying and fucked up, I'd say it was adorable. I knew the truth about Airalain: she was kidnapped and raised in Green Hill Zone. "If this wasn't a facade and if it was genuine, I'd say that it would be awesome having Sonic as a dad." I commented.

"Excuse me? Why are you hovering near my desk?" A new voice interjected. I spun to meet Airalain, her red glasses gleaming wickedly. "And Sonic *is* your dad, doofus!" She added, snickering at overhearing me talking to myself. She brushed a few stray hairs out of my face. Airalain glanced me up and down, her brown eyes narrowing. I had a horrible feeling that all of the elites were hiding something huge from me, but before I could say anything, she pulled me to the left of her room to a large bath that could easily be mistaken for a pool. She gestured to the bath, then to me. I realized that she was telling me to get in the tub without saying anything.

I was quite hesitant because it seemed too good to be true. I dipped one foot inside and gasped. The water felt more like silk than water, the water was blacker than the blackest black and it looked like black ice. I quickly took my clothes off and slid into the bath. The temperature was perfect, and I sighed. "This water is interesting. What's in it?" I ask. I have a bad habit of being too nosy for my own good.

"It's a bath bomb, Ali. Uncle Tails made this one himself to be environmentally friendly." Airalain chirped back. The hairs on my neck stood on end at this statement, since I forgot that Tails was Sonic's best friend. *That two tailed fox would be considered an uncle to Airalain. You might want to get used to calling him Uncle Tails just out of fucking respect.* I remind myself. "Kayla is joining us." Airalain added, ruffling my hair. I froze, panicking at the thought of the oversized hedgehog leaping in.

Airalain left to do something, so I took the opportunity to finally relax. The first thing I noticed was how sore I felt. I felt something behind me, and I knew that it was Kayla. I leaned into Kayla's touch, surprised at myself for how much I *craved* the touch alone. I whimpered as Kayla fingertips brushed against my back. "Take it easy!" I protested, "Those are fresh! They still hurt!" I whimpered in pain as those hands started to massage. Then the

pain melted into bliss. I gasped when Kayla slid into the bath next to me. “Holy… that felt…!” I tried to say that the touch was amazing, but Kayla shushed me.

“Time to condition.” Kayla purred, pulling me in and burying my face into her chest. I pressed my ear against her chest and counted the beats that I could within thirty seconds. I counted around 150. Then I multiplied it by two. *Three hundred beats!? A normal human would be dead in a matter of hours! Wait… Kayla’s a hedgehog. That checks out.* I thought. Her fingertips massaged my head, and I wrapped both of my arms around her waist. *Kayla’s no Sonic clone.* I decided. I nuzzled deeper, kneading her waist as that touch continued. “Do you like this?” Kayla asked, guiding my face towards her. I nod, snuggling closer. “Mmm… you know, I honestly can’t wait for you to join us.” She whispered, kissing my cheek.

I felt her run her fingertips through my hair. “I gave up on myself.” I murmured, allowing the tears to sting my eyes. *I miss my parents.* I thought, snuggling in.

“We can see that. We know that awful boy did a number on you. We have to heal you first.” Kayla replied, gently squishing my face as she finished with what she was doing. “But I want to introduce you to someone first.”

“Oh?” I was intrigued. “What’s his name?”

“Damien. You’ll love him.” She replied. She gently poked my nose, causing me to blush. Then we both stepped out of the bath. I emptied the bath and scrubbed the inside the best I could. I was a bit of a neat freak. I trembled as she began to towel me dry. Kayla brushed a quill out of her eyes, then she exclaimed, “Oh, dear! You’re a twig!” She shooed me back into Airalain’s room, her green eyes sparkling. Airalain was brushing her bright blue hair, glancing at me and nodding. I guess my cleanliness met her approval.

Then Airalain ushered me over to her area, pulling my ponytail out. I winced, then decided to clean my glasses. When I peered through my glasses, I thought I saw Sonic in the reflection right behind me. I whirled around only to see Airalain. *Huh? What the fuck was that?* I wondered, shrugging it off as trauma deciding to play tricks on me. “Is something wrong, dear sister?” Airalain asked, brushing my hair. I shook my head, deciding that I have been crazy from grief.

Airalain continued brushing my hair, only yanking on knots when applicable. I whimpered when she pulled on one particular knot. I was mostly preoccupied with my thoughts, wondering what Airalain would be like as a roommate. “You know, Headmaster Sonic spoke to us and told us that you are going to shadow Airalain just so that you get a good feel for your classes first.” Kayla chirped.

“Makes sense for my darling twin to follow me along.” Airalain drawled, stroking my hair. Kayla glanced out the window, then she excused herself. She kissed Airalain on the cheek as she was heading out, causing Airalain to chuckle. “Good night, Ali.” Airalain purred.

“ *Latia tov,* Airalain.” I chirp back. I settled into my new bed, deciding, *Maybe STH Academy wouldn’t be so bad. But damn, how do students learn with Sonic breathing down their necks!?* I mused, closing my eyes and sighing. I let the tears sting my eyes, and I snuggled

into the down. *Maybe things will get better.* I need to stop lying to myself. I had literally zero idea about what would happen next.

Chapter 17: Insomniac Book Club

I couldn't fall asleep for hours. I stared at my bent glasses, sighed and got up. I grab my glasses, slipping them on my face. I noticed that they're dented from when my fatass ex stood on my face. *I'm going to need a new pair. I can't afford it.* I told myself miserably. I noticed that the left glass was cracked, making me irritated. I peeked at Airalain one last time. *I'm sorry I couldn't get you sooner.* I apologized silently. I opened the door and peeked around. *Nobody's here. I got the lounge to myself!* I realized, sneaking towards the lounge.

I cracked the door open, noticing that it was unlocked. *Thank Adonai this thing didn't creak open, or otherwise Airalain would be shitting kittens.* I thought. I walked over to the library section and picked out a book. That was a big mistake. I was unaware of the hulking shadow behind me. I read the first page in the moonlight, hooked on the story. I read the synopsis, which was about a small hedgehog being changed into a werehog just because her father was a werehog.

Ehh, worth a shot. I reasoned. I started reading, surprised that the book was well written, witty and honestly set up a good premise. I was only reading for twenty minutes when I saw the shadow fall over my book. "For fuck sake, let me try to fall asleep in peace." I grumbled, shifting myself to the next available patch of moonlight. I didn't want to wake anyone up.

I kept reading for five more minutes, not quite realizing that I was not alone. I was about to turn the page when a large hand slammed my book shut. I leaped out of my skin, startled by the sudden movement. Then I got a good stare at my nosy book buddy. I nearly screamed at the top of my lungs, but all that came out was barely a squeak.

I can just barely make out the hulking figure, noticing that its eyes glowed emerald green in the moonlight. I could barely see its mouth, cowering as I noticed that the hands were equipped with nails that were deadly looking. The figure towered over me at a staggering thirteen feet tall, its furry quills puffed out. "What's this little thing that is cowering in front of me?" The figure rumbled, his voice unnaturally good natured, "Is it a tiny little library mouse that I caught out of bed?" I knew who it was: it was Sonic the Werehog, and my gut told me that he would probably gut out my entrails if I continued fucking about. I edged towards the door, abandoning my book. The gigantic werehog breathed in, rumbling, "A little book mouse. That happens to be my *favorite kind of misbehaving student.* " I knew that I was fucked, but was sorely unaware on how much trouble I'd be in.

He wrapped both hands around me and lifted me up. I tried kicking and scratching at his hands, unable to say anything witty. "Put me down, you bastard!" I hissed, "I was reading that!"

The werehog chuckled deep within his throat. "What should I do with you, my scrawny little library cat?" He pressed, pressing me against the wall. I whimpered because I could sense that the werehog was much more powerful than me and could easily break my spine. I couldn't scream since his eyes were glued to my face. "I know exactly what I'm going to do with you. You're coming with me." He slung me over his shoulder, patting my back. "You're

going to tidy the restricted section of the library." My ears perked up. *This is my chance to catch information!* I beamed at myself.

So I decided to keep silent. I was terrified, but now I have a new goal: learn some juicy dirt to use against Sonic. *Thank you for handing me that ace, Sonic!* I thanked the oversized werehog by lightly patting his fur. He said nothing else but his purr rumbled in his chest from appreciation of being stroked. He hauled me outside and continued striding towards STH Academy. My eyes nearly bulged out of their sockets from the size of the main building alone. I knew that Sonic may have handed me a chore that would take a day and a half at best.

He kept walking through the darkened halls. Then he opened a random door and shoved me inside. "Restricted section is upstairs. I will be sending someone to keep an eye on you." Sonic snarled, patting my back. I gawked. STH Academy had a *huge* library. It had books everywhere, beanbag chairs on one end, and a whole staircase with intricate molds of Sonic and company. I swallowed, then began heading towards the stairs. I noticed that there was only one staircase, and I knew the reason why is because Sonic wanted to make sure that they did not have a means of escape. *Sonic assumes that humans are stupid.* I realized, anger flaring up. *Time for me to prove that blue fucker wrong.* I set up camp. I grabbed a book titled, *Gamershood Guide.*

I began to read. I knew I was being defiant, but I didn't care one lick about it. I learned that Mobian animals had fangs, but I didn't think that it would apply to Sonic too. I was about to keep reading when someone else closed the book on me again. "Pursuing knowledge, dear?" Sonic asked, his growl teasing.

I flinch, then turn to face him. I trembled because his shadow towered over me. "I-I-!" I tried to stutter an excuse, but Sonic hushed me with a clawed fingertip to my lip. Then I turned next to him and realized that he wasn't alone. There was a boy next to him, and he looked jacked. I can clearly see his muscular figure, and his eyes gleamed at me in the darkness. "Who's this?" I ask, gawking at the figure.

"My name is Damien, little library cat." The figure whispered, his voice baritone deep. I shivered as his huge hand clasped my smaller one. "I'll be working with you, my sweet." He kissed my hand and guided my face towards his eyes. His glasses gleamed in the darkness, and his hair was gray.

"I'll be leaving the two of you alone." Sonic rumbled, turning to leave. "I can entrust that you can finish this." Then his massive figure vanished down the stairs.

"Holy shit. You're hot." I commented. Then I covered my mouth. It felt as if the room was cranked to ninety degrees. "I meant… is it hot in here or is it just me?"

Damien chuckled, a deep, full sound at the back of his throat. Then he wrapped his arms around me and lifted me up. "Well, why don't we get started?" He suggested as he was rubbing his nose against my stomach before kissing it. I froze, realizing exactly what Sonic did: he sent another student to help me. *Or a spy to really fuck up your day.* A small voice chided me. I had zero idea how literal that thought would be.

Chapter 18: A New Romance

It took an hour to get the books sorted completely. They were neat when I arrived; when we were finished, it looked more like someone with OCD was walking through the restricted section and decided to organize them A to Z, smallest to largest. And I learned plenty about Damien. I learned that Damien was from the Silver House because Silver found him when he was orphaned as a baby, making Silver his dad by default. He also does some sort of body building, writing, and reading in his spare time. *So that's why he is so buff.* I realized, leaning into his warm body. "Wow, I was recently orphaned myself." I commented, leaning into his warm body.

"I'm so sorry to hear that." Damien murmured, wrapping his arm around my waist. "Since you are in the Sonic House, I'm guessing Sonic adopted you?" He asked, squeezing my waist. He let out a soft, content noise as I gasped. The squeeze felt amazing after all of the things I've been through. It felt like a massage for me.

"Yeah. Dr. Weahagu and Sonic both adopted me. So technically, I have two dads." I replied, my face flushing. If I knew that Sonic was married to Dr. Weahagu, I think I would have been a little bit nicer since I was going to be living with them both. I can put up with Dr. Weahagu in small doses- but I can't put up with Sonic's sass at all.

"May I date you?" Damien blurted, his cheeks turning red. He leaned close, his eyes gleaming in the moonlight. I nod, surprised at how hot he is. *He might be in trouble with Sonic too, so the company of being rulebreakers together is nice.* I reasoned. I intertwined my fingers with his and nodded, letting my body relax for the first time in a while. "Excellent. If you want the relationship to be open, let me know… along with your plus one. Nothing is worse than dating two people and both of them clueless on who is dating who." Damien added, ruffling my hair.

"I'm going to ask this because of curiosity. What pronouns do you use?" I ask, realizing a bit too late that I might have hit a sore nerve with Damien. I hadn't thought to ask him about his pronouns and I had a bad feeling I was accidentally misgendering him. It just makes me feel guilty.

"My dear, I use he/him, but I need to know what pronouns you use."

"She/them." I replied. I have questioned my gender a lot, but my mom insisted on using she/her pronouns with me because that was how she raised me.

"Why them?" Damien asked, turning his gaze towards me. His golden eyes made my heart melt. I felt more like aloe in his hands.

"Sometimes I feel like a boy, but not always." I replied. I didn't feel like telling him that I had issues because Mom said that she lost a baby boy before me and I suspect that I was the rebirth of said boy. "It's complicated." I sighed, cupping my head in my hands. *Being autistic sucks. The minute you want to tell someone your brain is different; you get the fear of being bullied.* I thought to myself miserably.

“Well, that is why the LGBTQ+ community is sometimes confusing. It can get quite complicated. I can never get behind ridiculous pronouns like clown/clownself.” Damien grumbled, kicking the ground. His teal boots looked spiky and kinda punk. I guess you can describe them as platform boots. I honestly liked them and thought about replicating them.

I yawned, then glanced outside. *Shit! Sonic’s going to have a hernia if he sees us right now!* I realized, noticing that the night had melted into dawn. I can hear the werehog approaching, his cleats clicking on the floor. I knew I was too late to act when I heard a sound similar to that of a human being tortured. But my gut told me that whatever it was that was in the library is not human. “We should probably beat it before Sonic spots us.” I whispered as I peeked over the ledge.

I noticed that the dawn had melted into morning again, and Sonic was cracking his back as if he just woke up. Then he cricked his neck (wait, does he even have one? I dunno), glancing towards the restricted section. He froze, sniffing the air delicately. His black nose twitched for a second, then he rubbed his nose. *Too late! He smelled us!* I thought, panicking. I did not have the time to ponder on whether Sonic’s sense of smell was sharp or not.

I peeked again and noticed that he disappeared. “What the fuck…? Where’d he go?” I hissed, turning to Damien.

“Ehh, I dunno. Maybe he’s doing Sonic things? Or jerking off?” Damien replied sarcastically. We kept our voices low in fear of Sonic overhearing us. We had a bad feeling that if he heard us, he would probably scream at us both for being up so fucking early.

“Maybe he fell asleep?” I countered, “Or decided his nose is playing tricks on him?” We both peek over the balcony to see if we could spot that blue motherfucker. He seemed to have vanished without a trace.

“Or maybe Sonic’s wondering why two students are out of bed breaking curfew!?” A new voice loudly proclaimed in my ear, and we both leaped out of our skins. I recognized the voice, and I spun around to get a good look at the owner. My face blanched as I found myself face to face with Sonic the Hedgehog himself, and something told me I was not getting off the hook easily.

Chapter 19: Breakfast

“Well?” Sonic pressed, kneeling so that he was at eye level with us. His green eyes sparked with anger as he waited for a response. His fingertips were drumming against his leg, and his right ear was twitching uncontrollably. Sonic’s mouth was set into a hard line, and I knew from the getgo that I have fucked up. I trembled as Sonic placed one gloved hand on my shoulder. “Little late night studying before school starts?” He asked, his voice getting softer with each word. I glance at Damien, then I had a brilliant idea. By brilliant, I mean really fucking stupid.

“This was kinda both of our faults. Damien wanted to study me for some reason and I obliged. And the studying is of female anatomy!” I blurted out. “And yes, I consented!” My face was on fire. I knew that Sonic was going to be shitting kittens by this point, but I figured to myself, *I started this shit. I might as well finish it.* “We lost track of time and-!” That was when Sonic did that hand thing teachers would do when they want you to shut up. He held his palm out to me and glared daggers at me.

“That’s enough. Damien, if you wanted to learn about female anatomy, you should have either asked Professor Rouge or learn in your own room! And Alison! You should know better than to be out past curfew!” Sonic’s voice was sharp and very un-Sonic-like. We both wilted under his gaze, then Sonic shook his head at us and stood up. I didn’t know what intimidation was until Sonic drew himself up to his full height. He towered over me easily as he stared down at me. “Go eat breakfast. Alison, when you are done, *report to Airalain immediately.* ” Sonic made it clear that he was not going to be defied again.

I trembled, too horrified at my own stupidity to breathe. I knew that I'd just proven to Sonic that he needed to keep an eye on me, and my legs trembled as Sonic got closer to my face. I could hear my heartbeat thundering in my ears as he ruffled my hair. I was lucky I didn’t piss myself out of terror. Then he left, giving me time to breathe a sigh of relief. Damien stared at me for a second, then he burst out laughing. “You looked ready to shat yourself!” He choked out, then Damien calmed down enough to say, “We literally just started dating. We aren’t ready for that yet. But you got me curious. Maybe we can learn about each other next full moon?” He teased, stroking my hair. He was still muscular, but not nearly as jacked as before.

So, we started walking together to the mess hall. I asked, “Don’t we need ID for food?” I asked, noticing that nobody was wearing a lanyard.

“Sonic has a special way of identifying students. He would tag them with a special tagger as they are asleep. It generally looks like a special symbol. But it’s located on the back of your neck.” Damien explained, rubbing the back of his neck awkwardly. “And it’s in the color of your House.”

“Can you see mine?” I asked, uncomfortable.

“Yes. It’s a puzzle piece.” Damien replied, staring at the back of my neck. I froze, automatically realizing what Sonic marked me as. *Fucker made it easy for people to bully me!* I realized, my stomach twisting in horrible knots.

We got to the cafeteria by then. I strolled over to the breakfast bar and realized that everything offered was quite fattening. I froze, thinking, *This is worrisome. What if this isn’t a school but rather a slaughterhouse for humans?* I shook off that fear, justifying, *Since Sonic moves fast, he probably has running built into the school and people burn a lot of calories.* I got into line and picked up a plate. I froze as I realized that nobody was there to serve. *What the heck do I do?* I wonder, then I glance over to see Airalain hold her wrist out. Then she flinched, sighed, and her veins seemed to glow for a solid minute. Then I see a pink hedgehog greet her and give her food.

Could it be painful? I wondered, tilting my head. Then I approached the area Airalain was just at and mimicked her arm movement. That was when I saw the needle approach and sting my wrist. “Ow. Sonuvabitch!” I exclaim under my breath.

“Hello Air-! Wait a second, you’re not Airalain!” The pink hedgehog exclaimed. She squinted at me, her green eyes narrow. I knew who it was: it was Amy Rose. “I’m guessing you are Alison?” Amy asked, her wide green eyes trained on me. I nodded, feeling like it was the right thing to do. “Hang on while I make you some food. Is there anything you’d like?” She excused herself, then I noticed that the kitchen had a bunch of other students cooking back there.

“What do you recommend? I’ll eat that!” I replied, silently hoping that I don’t get a jalapeno omelet for this comment.

Amy froze, then turned to me. “I’ll make you my special pancakes.” Then she turned and started working the griddle. I watched as she started mixing the batter, then she buttered the griddle. My mouth watered as she kept cooking. “Sonic loves them.” She added as she started flipping the pancakes. I decided that it was best to admire her skill. She finished making them, placed some strawberries next to them and turned to me. “Were you watching me the whole time?” Amy asked, placing my “order” on my tray.

“Yes. I couldn’t help but notice that you had a grace about you.” I replied politely, sternly reminding myself that this pink sweetheart of a hedgehog is not Sonic. “I didn’t mean to come off as creepy or strange.”

“You didn’t. Most students from the Sonic House usually look at their phones or fidget.” Amy replied. “Now, see you later.”

“Bye. Thank you.” I replied politely, making sure to let Amy know that I appreciated her work. Then I grabbed my tray and started walking. That was when disaster struck. I didn’t make it four steps when Mike shoved me against the wall. “Ouch!” I whimpered, then I watched in horror as he grabbed my pancakes and shoved them in his mouth. “Those are mine, dude!” He grinned as he shoveled another pancake in my mouth. Then he flipped the tray out of my hands. I felt tears sting my eyes as he sauntered over. I knew that today was going to be yet another day of starvation while my ex eats my food. I didn't know that Amy had other ideas for me.

His ugly hips flopped everywhere as he called out, “Make me pancakes!”

I guess Amy saw everything. I hear her reply, “No way!” I wiped the tears away from my eyes and decided to watch the shit show commence. Amy glared at my ex, then she replied, “I’m going to give you something else instead!” Then she turned and grabbed a bowl. She put fruits in it (my ex hates anything that is healthy). Then she put it down. “Beat it, you bully!” Amy growled.

“I wanted pancakes, not this disgusting fruit! Do your job!” Mike yelled, flipping the fruit at her. I guess Mike forgot to play Sonic games before arriving. I watched Amy’s green eyes become fire and she stormed out from behind the counter. I watched Amy’s left-hand wind back as if to hit Mike, then I gawked as a hammer materialized in her hand. It was bright red and huge. It made Thor’s hammer look like a plaything. Then I heard a *piko* sound.

“Well, I saw how you bullied a student and ate their food! Do I look stupid to you!?” Amy yelled, plopping the bowl back on his tray. “I don’t serve people who bully those that are smaller than them. Either take the fruit or complain to Sonic about how I refuse to give you extra portions!” Then she turned to me, and her green eyes were exactly like Sonic’s: angry looking and ready to fuck up someone’s day. She sighed, then she started cleaning up the mess Mike made. Mike swung a foot at Amy, but it didn’t connect. Instead, his foot mysteriously twisted away from Amy and instead kicked a wall. Then his fat body was thrown against the wall as if someone was throwing him around.

I dart towards Amy, sliding over. I helped pick up the now ruined pancakes and was about to follow her when she stopped me. “I’m terribly sorry about my ex. He’s been treating me like this ever since I broke up with him.” I apologized, feeling guilty that the food was wasted.

“No, it’s fine. Wow, you are indeed different from most Sonic House students.” Amy commented. She started cooking again, stating, “I’ll make you extra because you are so nice.”

“What in the name of Chaos is going on here?” I hear a new voice ask. I flinch, recognizing the cheesy, angry voice. I have just heard that same voice this morning scolding me. I knew who it was: It was Sonic the Hedgehog, and he sounded downright *pissed.*

I turned to the voice’s owner and kept my voice small. “I’m sorry, Headmaster…” I mumbled, not quite meeting Headmaster Sonic’s emerald green eyes. “You see, my ex-!” Sonic stopped me with a glare, then he turned to Amy.

“Amy, what happened?” Sonic demanded, his voice icy. I shivered since it felt like the room dropped twenty degrees lower.

“I just met your other daughter, Sonic. She’s so nice I thought for a moment that there was a mistake with the House sorting. She complimented me and she seemed interested. Her ex arrived, stole her food right in front of me and then treated me horribly. Alison is such a sweetheart! Instead of slinking away with no food, she stayed behind and helped me clean up while Professor Espio dealt with him.” Amy explained, dusting herself from her scuffle.

“Amy, pardon my language. Mike stole my food and then flipped my fucking tray over so that I can’t eat.” I interjected.

Sonic glared at me, and I knew I snitched. Mike gathered himself up and puffed back, “Alison, I always told you that you needed to lose some weight! You’re getting fat.” I shrink back, trying to make myself tiny.

Sonic glanced at me, then scooped me up. I noticed that he was really warm, and I leaned into that warmth against my better judgment. He brushed his fingers against my ribs, scowling. “Actually, Michael, I had a good look at your ex-girlfriend. She’s actually severely *underweight.* ” Sonic spat, his cheesy voice full of venom. “You could stand to lose a couple of pounds, Michael.” Sonic’s voice was full of some sort of unspoken poison. “Alison, how much do you weigh?” He asked, turning my gaze towards his green eyes.

“Um… 110 pounds? Maybe less. I don’t know.” I replied, shifting my weight uncomfortably. To be honest, I don’t have much to shift around. “But I do know that my ex weighs around 265 pounds and I’ve said nothing about it.” Sonic gawked at me; his eyes were much larger than usual. I guess he wasn’t expecting me to know my ex’s weight.

“Well, Miss Hedgehog, you’re going to need to eat. It’s important that you eat something nutritious before school starts.” Sonic purred, tapping my nose gently. I knew he was trying his best to stay calm so I booped him back. *Holy fuck. Did I just booped Headmaster Sonic!? Damn, I must be growing a pair.* I thought, rubbing my fingertip against my dress.

Amy grabbed her hammer and glared at my ex. Then she flicked her wrist. The hammer vanished, and she stormed back to the kitchen. I grabbed a new tray and was about to do the painful scan again when Amy snapped, “Leave it. This one is on me.”

“I’m sorry again.” I reply, drawing my wrist back.

“You got nothing to be sorry about. Your ex, on the other hand…” I never thought I’d hear so much poison in a voice. “Here you go. Enjoy.” Amy grumbled.

“Have a nice day.” I replied, graciously taking my food. *Better eat fast before Sonic gives me an earful about being late.* I thought.

Chapter 20: Classes

I scarfed down my breakfast as I was taking note to compliment Amy later. From what I can gather, the Sonic House kids are a bunch of ungrateful pricks who don't compliment Amy. *They behave almost exactly like Sonic to the nth degree.* I thought, shuddering at the thought. *Speaking of the blue devil, where did he-!?* My thought didn't have a chance to formulate as I felt something grab me and swing me around. I yelped, scratching the attacker with my nails as hard as I could.

"OW! Al, that hurt!" I hear Sonic protest. Then he dropped me, allowing me time to roll to my feet.

"Served you right for grabbing someone without warning." I replied, running towards Airalain. I don't like being touched, especially not by Sonic. That blue prick was lucky I didn't kick his shins. "Hey, sis. I'm here. "

"Ali!" I never heard my name called so enthusiastically. Airalain hugged me tight, causing me to gasp for air. "We gotta get going! First period is Professor Shadow, and he hates latecomers!" She whisked me down a dark hall, jogging into a classroom. She grabbed her things and hissed at me, "We'll share. Any screw ups on your first day is on me." She had me sitting next to her, and that was when I got scared shitless.

I felt a hand grab me from behind and I heard a raspy voice demand, "Glad you made it almost on time." I twisted to have a view of Professor Shadow in all of his terrifying glory. His red stripes seemed to glow in the darkness, and his ruby eyes were trained on me. "Let's start with something simple. Do you know anything about the Echidna tribe?" I froze, then breathed in relief. *Holy fuck. I thought he was going to ask something more obscure.*

"Yeah. Sort of. They were an ancient tribe that guarded the Master Emerald? And… something really bad happened to them because the chief got greedy?" I guessed, hoping that the time I decided to scare the shit out of myself by playing Sonic Adventure paid off somehow.

"What is the bad thing?" Shadow asked, his voice getting quieter. If he wasn't so fucking terrifying, I'd be pretty chill with Shadow. His chest fur glowed in the darkness, and his mouth was set in a serious line.

"Wiped out." I answered, hoping I didn't fuck up.

Shadow paused, then he smirked at himself. He asked, keeping his voice low, "Do you know the incantation to activate the Chaos Emeralds?"

"Nope." I grumbled, my ears burning. Airalain was about to pipe up at this point. Shadow sighed, his spines bouncing in disappointment.

"I thought you were smart as a whip. Maybe Sonic House is the place for you after all." I hear Shadow mockingly retort. Then he taught class as if nothing happened. Aside from the

jab towards me, it was smooth sailing. Then he gave us homework: choose someone from the Echidna tribe to act as and there would be an interview and he gave us until the end of this class to choose someone. The first thought that came to mind was Knuckles. *Easy peasy. He's the last surviving member of the Echidna tribe, so technically he counts.* I thought. When he got to me, Shadow asked, "Who are you going to be, Miss Server of the Seven Chaos?"

I shot back, "Knuckles?" There was silence for about five seconds. The class gawked at me.

"Okay then, Miss Chaos Is Power." Shadow sneered, then he turned to the class and spat, "You're dismissed." It's my third day at STH Academy and I already have the overwhelming urge to throw a Molotov cocktail at it. I made sure to take notes when Airalain wasn't looking.

The rest of my classes were as followed:

Calculus: Professor Silver was a lot kinder than Shadow and gave me pointers on how to use the quadratic equation and logarithms. And apparently, Sonic told him that I was special needs and mentally fucked up. Every time I had the overwhelming urge to scream at the paper, Silver would place slime on my desk. He gave out homework, but he told me, "Miss, if you ever have any issues in my class, feel free to see me. My office is always open." I thank him by doodling a tiny comic and giving it to him.

PE: Professor Knuckles was ROUGH. He had me perform push ups. He told me, "I don't care if you are autistic or if you are Sonic's daughter. I care that you build your muscles." I think he was trying to be encouraging, but he came off as a bit of a prick. I didn't dare roll my eyes because I saw one dude get forced to carry a small boulder as punishment for sass and I didn't feel like having my back fucked up.

English: Professor Blaze let me know from the get-go that if I put one swear into my paper, she'd make it into cinders. I watched as one person gave her a paper with all sorts of expletives written on it. She made it into a fireball without blinking an eye, then she set the student's hair on fire. "I do not accept vulgar language. If I spot any vulgar language in your paper, I will automatically set it on fire and give you a failing grade." Her gold eyes were trained on me. I wasn't going to fuck around with something that can make me into a burnt marshmallow.

French: Professor Espio was stunned at how proficient I am at the French language. I knew that taking French class was going to keep me out of trouble. But the one time I swore in French… Goddamn, Espio lost his shit on me. How he would let you know you fucked up somewhere is by turning invisible and then scaring the shit out of you by asking you to repeat what you said in English.

Intro to Baking: Yes, it takes place in STH Academy's kitchen, and yes, Amy is the teacher. I sort of felt bad for her because I saw one guy hand someone else a knife the wrong way. I had a whole slew of insults ready, and I fired them off with deadly precision. Amy was kinda shocked that the nice girl she had served breakfast that morning would have quite a foul mouth. She said, "Alison Hedgehog, do you always get angry at dangerous behavior?" I nodded and she replied, "I'd react the same way. But dial back on the cursing before I bring Sonic in here to hear what you had to say."

Then it was lunch. I knew Mike would try to steal my food, so I got smart. I asked Amy, "May I have a peanut butter sandwich with no jelly and ghost pepper paste?" I winked at her to show that I had a plan to deal with my food thief. Amy guessed my plan and she silently made my sandwich with no questions. I could feel a presence behind me as I held my arm out, so I peeked at who is behind me through the reflection of the glass. *Just who I thought it would be.*

Mike sneered behind me, "Ali, I eat your food to avoid you getting fat. Or poisoned, you ungrateful bitch." I just stayed silent, holding back a grin. Then I got my order. As expected, Michael plucked my sandwich off of my plate. "Thanks, fatass." Sonic was right behind him and I cocked an eyebrow. Mike took one bite, chewing smugly. Then he froze, his disgusting, open mouthed chewing stopped. Then he spat my revenge sandwich to the floor. "What the fuck is this!?" He yelled, throwing my act of revenge to the floor.

"A sandwich." I replied, unable to hold my poker face anymore. I watched as Mike stole the water bottle, downing the whole thing. But the spiciness got worse, leaving Mike red in the face as he screamed all sorts of bad language. While he was distracted, I turned to Amy with my sandwich and apologized, "Sorry. He has been pulling that shit on me ever since he broke up with me."

"Don't be. I knew what you were doing and just went along with it." She muttered back, throwing the sandwich away. "Now, be serious with me. What do you really want for lunch?"

"Sushi and noodles, please." I replied. My calm demeanor is probably very jarring after hearing me curse out the class clown for fucking around with a knife. Sonic gawked at me, his jaw pretty slack. "What?"

"Kid, what the heck were you about to eat!?" Sonic exclaimed, his shock overtaking his emotions.

"What?"

"That sandwich that Mike stole from you! What was in it!?" Sonic's voice was definitely rising, so I decide to really fuck with Sonic mentally.

"Peanut butter and ghost pepper spread." I replied, watching Sonic's soul leave his body for the span of eight seconds. "I got really sick of him stealing my food." I explain as Sonic scrambled to compose himself. Then he got his chili dog in complete silence and didn't say a word. Little did I know, Sonic going silent is not only a rarity at STH Academy, but also a red flag that shit's going to go down in flames.

Chapter 21: Emo Outburst

Lunch was enjoyable, even though I found it a little tough to eat without worrying about choking on my food from laughter. I sat with Kayla and Airalain, listening to them gossip about the going ons of STH Academy. The noodles were al dente, the sushi was the right texture and the cherry on top was when Amy gave me chopsticks. I love eating things with chopsticks. I feel like it makes me look badass. I can hear them start talking about how I have made a disgusting sandwich and how they were going to twist the story to my favor. I knew that the only problem with that plan was that my ex does not give a flying fuck about his reputation. I giggled as they chattered.

Then Airalain glanced at her watch and yelped when I was done eating, “Oh, last class! Come on, Ali! I know that you love science from what Daddy told me.” She wasn’t lying: I am awesome at chemistry and I just love science in general. But there was no way Sonic could have possibly known that unless… *Dr. Weahagu must have told him all about me despite the fact that I told him not to say a word about me!* I realized, my face getting flustered. I made a note to bitch at Dr. Weahagu for his asshole stunt of telling his husband everything. I followed Airalain, not paying attention to a word she was saying about the teacher. Finally, she pushed me into a classroom.

From the get-go, I noticed that it was a strange classroom. There were bean bag chairs, no desks, and the tables were shoved to one corner. Everything in that classroom was blue except for the lights. In the center was some sort of alien container like the ones seen in sci-fi movies. I was dumbfounded. *Why is this class so lax? Where are the Bunsen burners? Where is the-!?* My train of thought was interrupted by a tapping noise.

I turn around to find myself face to muzzle with Sonic the Hedgehog himself. I trembled under his gaze. My urge to scream or run away was quite powerful but Sonic was staring at me too, smirking at me in a cocky manner. “Well, aren’t you going into the visual aid holder?” Sonic asked, cornering me. I was visibly shaking from terror. “Al, you are special. Get inside.” He lifted me up and shoved me inside of that alien container thing. Then I hear something akin to air escaping from a tire. The glass sealed around me, and Sonic told me before the glass sealed all the way, “Relax, Al. It’s going to keep you occupied.” Then the glass sealed with a hiss and Sonic was muted.

I began to panic because the thought of having no air was terrifying enough. I started banging on the glass as hard as I could, hoping to catch Sonic’s attention. He glanced at me, then he smirked. Then the glass became blacker than obsidian. I started trying to scream, but instead my voice got quieter. Then the blackness became a screen of sorts. It showed my body but there was a glowing gold heart that was only partly full. Then I hear a mechanical, female voice say, “Hello, Alison. I am Visual Aid Magnum and Preserve. Let’s start by talking about your feelings, shall we?”

I replied, “This is between the two of us. Nobody knows, right?”

“My protocol doesn’t let unauthorized personnel know what we are talking about. Let’s start with a basic one. What are your views on Headmaster Sonic?” The mechanical voice asked, then I hear something like air hissing from a tire. “This chamber is releasing a special gas to ensure your cooperation.” I started trying to find any way to escape but all I was met with was glass surrounding me. “Alison, just take a breath.” I held my breath, trying to break away. “I guess there is only one way to get you cooperating.” Then I felt something wrap around my waist and started tickling me. I tried not to laugh, tears streaming down my face. I finally inhale, my head hurting. The scent that hit my nose was *fruity* .

“You want to know? He was the monster under my bed, and he terrorized me as a little girl. He had chased me through mazes when I refused to cooperate with Dr. Weahagu. Looking back, he might have been sent in as a wild card to make me do those tests and experiments.” I replied, shivering from all of the memories of Sonic chasing me through the steel mazes, catching me easily, and cornering me. I can still feel the heat radiating from his arms as he used them to trap me. *He was toying with me all of that time!* I realized, shuddering. Aloud, I said, “He wasn’t even flexing his speed at all when he chased me down those halls.”

“Ah. So, your previous encounters with Sonic the Hedgehog have not been pleasant for you?” The machine asked, showing an infographic of Sonic grabbing a tiny child and hugging the child.

“No. And as a baby, he kidnapped my twin sister, Airalain.”

“Airalain Hedgehog?” The machine asked, showing an infographic of Sonic holding a little girl’s hand and a heart floating above the two of them.

“What the fuck…” I mutter to myself. Aloud I replied, “Airalain Black. Sonic kidnapped her.” I spat defensively. Then I felt something jab my waist. “OW!” Then I glanced at my waist and noticed a needle just being pulled out of my skin.

“Such disrespect towards the Headmaster will not be tolerated. Close your eyes.” The machine replied, the gas becoming more visible. “Because of your disrespect towards the Headmaster, the protocol for unruly students has been launched.” The last thing I saw was a message, *Treat others the way you want to be treated.* “I hope we can talk more, and you be a little bit more cooperative, Alison.” The voice commented before I blacked out.

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I woke up what felt like hours later in Sonic’s arms. I tried to squirm loose, but Sonic’s grip was tight. He had my ear pressed against his chest, his heart beating at 300 beats per minute. “Ow…” I mutter, my head spinning. I flinched as he wrapped both hands around my waist. I hated being tickled.

“So, Alison. The VAMP told me that you were being unruly.” Sonic commented. *Shut up!* I silently beg. Sonic ignored my silent plea, continuing, “Do not talk poorly about your superiors. They will know.” He had me standing, wrapping a gloved hand firmly around my waist. He guided my face towards his eyes in an authoritative way. I winced in pain as he glared into my eyes. I made a mental note to not piss him off. I have heard that he would break the sound barrier numerous times if he was having a really bad day.
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I bit my lip in frustration. I knew that I was being gaslit. My stomach twisted painfully every time someone tried to gaslight me, and right now, Sonic was giving me that horrible feeling. I push him away, storming off. I hate it with a passion when someone gaslights me. I wanted someone to cry on, but I had nothing. I bit my lip and stormed off to the library. I get there, going to the fiction section. That was when I let the tears flow. I sat in the aisle, sobbing as quietly as I could. My tears formed a puddle around me as I sobbed.

I cried long enough to attract attention. And it was from the last person… erm, hedgehog… that I want to talk to. I let the tears flow in silence, knowing that I look like some emo kid. Someone towered over me, blocking the light. I wipe my tears, gazing up. I see a pair of cobalt legs, and I turn my gaze upwards to see a pair of peach arms folded over a peach chest. The gloves tapped impatiently as I gazed upwards. I wipe my tears as I look up at Sonic. "W-w-what d-do you want?" I grumbled, wiping my tears out of irritation.

He didn't say anything. Instead, he sat down at my level and grabbed my head. I yelp, then I get my face buried in his chest. He whispered, stirring my hair with one hand, "Go on, let it all out. You can't keep your emotions bottled, Alison. It's unhealthy." I cracked, sobbing into his chest. He's fucking warm. I fall asleep, listening to his heartbeat. I didn't dream. He stroked my hair, muttering, "Atta girl." I hear Vanilla say something, and Sonic replied, "She's been through a lot. I think I put her in school too soon. I should place her in the on-campus psych ward."

I mutter, "N-no. C-c-can't a-afford it. I'm p-poor." I'm not poor, but I know that I cannot afford it.

"Alison." Sonic's voice carried tones of a friendly warning. "You need more time to process your grief. Do not question me. You're going to the psych ward. You're displaying some warning signs that you might do something drastic."

"I… I literally can't afford it. Mental health… health in general is only for the rich and-!?" I began, but Sonic cut me off by putting his hand on my mouth. "Mmph!" I protest, attempting to bite. This earned me a snicker from Sonic.

"Alison, I adopted you. And Dr. Weahagu is well versed in autism and mental health." Sonic scolded. "So you can afford it!" I let that sink in. Well, Sonic is indeed world famous, so naturally he would be rich. I keep forgetting that I'm not poor anymore. So I couldn't protest anymore and I let him snuggle me.

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